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#### Poetry.

Original.

##### MY DREAMS.

BY FLETA.

O, lovely are the visions  
That sleep's kind angel showers  
Around me as I slumber  
To bless my dreaming hours!  
Sweet visions of my early home,  
And its proud encircling trees,  
As they tossed in pride to the tempest's play,  
Or bent to the passing breeze.

The days of sunny childhood,  
Return my soul to cheer;  
My heart bounds high with gladness,—  
My sky is bright and clear.  
And happier than my happiest hours,  
The vision ever seems,  
For the sorrows of life's pilgrimage  
I never feel in dreams.

The friends I loved so fondly  
Come back to me again;  
I clasp their hands in greeting—  
I feel no throb of pain.  
For we never think of parting  
In Dreamland's happy bowers;  
We only see our dear ones there,  
We only know they're ours.

And oft with visions holier,  
The hours of night are blest;  
For a loved, a long lost Father  
Seems near me while I rest.

I know that he has passed away  
To the land of light and life,  
And thoughts of him my passions check,  
And still their raging strife.

Those features, pale and sunken,  
As last they met my sight,  
Yet gleam with heavenly radiance,  
With peace and pure delight:—  
It is the smile that angels wear  
Who worship round the Throne;  
It is the mark the holy bear—  
The gift of God alone.

Lovely are Dreamland's fantasies  
To the sad—to the broken-hearted,  
For whom the sunshine and the smile  
Long since from earth departed.  
For there the struggling, fettered soul  
Can cast its chains away,  
And soar through fields of boundless space  
And back in clearest day.

Alas! the gloomy waking  
When these bright dreams are flown!  
O, it is sad and cheerless  
To find yourself alone;  
To meet contempt and hatred,  
And bear the scornful tone,  
Where late, from eyes love-lighted,  
The beams of kindness shone.

Earth's happiest hours are only dreams,  
And changes ever come;  
Then let us fix our hopes and aims  
On that eternal home,  
Where parting never paineth,  
Where tears are wiped away,  
And sorrow, sin, and death  
Have lost their fatal sway.

Original.

##### FOR AN ALBUM.

This tribute, O do not disdain!  
So seeming frail, and yet sincere;  
But may it long inscribed remain  
Not only here.

When thorns upon thy path shall fall,  
When clouds shall with thy sunshine blend,  
This slight memorial shall recall  
A faithful friend.

V. M.L.

#### Tales.

##### THE ADALANTADO OF THE SEVEN CITIES.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the early part of the fifteenth century, when Prince Henry of Portugal, of worthy memory, was pushing the career of discovery along the western coast of Africa, and the world was resounding with reports of golden regions on the main land, and new-found islands in the ocean, there arrived at Lisbon an old bewildered pilot of the seas, who had been driven by tempest, he knew not whither, and who raved about an island far in the deep, on which he had landed, and which he had found peopled with Christians, and adorned with noble cities.

The inhabitants, he said, gathered round and regarded him with surprise, having never before been visited by a ship. They told him they were descendants of a band of Christians, who fled from Spain when that country was conquered by the Moslems. They were curious about the state of their fathers' land, and grieved to hear that the Moslems still held possession of the Kingdom of Grenada. They would have taken the old navigator to church, to convince him of their orthodoxy; but, either through lack of devotion, or lack of faith in their words, he declined their invitation, and preferred to return on board of his ship. He was properly punished. A furious storm arose, drove him from his anchorage, hurried him out to sea, and he saw no more of the unknown island.

This strange story caused great marvel in Lisbon and elsewhere. Those versed in history, remembered to have read, in an ancient chronicle, that at the time of the conquest of Spain, in the eighth century, when the blessed cross was cast down, and the crescent erected in its place, and when Christian churches were turned into Moslem mosques, seven bishops, at the head of seven bands of pious exiles, had fled from the peninsula, and embarked in quest of some ocean island, or distant land, where they might found seven Christian cities, and enjoy their faith unmolested.

The fate of these pious saints errant had hitherto remained a mystery, and their story had



faded from memory; the report of the old tempest-tossed pilot, however, revived this long-forgotten theme, and it was determined by the pious and enthusiastic, that the island thus accidentally discovered, was the identical place of refuge, whither the wandering bishops had been guided by a protecting Providence, and where they had folded their flocks.

This most excitable of worlds has always some daring object of chimerical enterprise; the "Island of the Seven Cities" now awakened as much interest and longing among zealous Christians, as has the renowned city of Timbuctoo among adventurous travelers, or the North-east Passage among hardy navigators; and it was a frequent prayer of the devout, that these scattered and lost portions of the christian family might be discovered, and re-united to the great body of christendom.

No one, however, entered into the matter with half the zeal of Don Fernando de Ulmo, a young cavalier, of high standing, in the Portuguese court, and of the most sanguine and romantic temperament. He had recently come to his estate, and had run the rounds of all kinds of pleasures and excitements, when this new theme of popular talk and wonder presented itself. The Island of the Seven Cities became now the constant subject of his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night; it even rivalled his passion for a beautiful girl, one of the greatest belles of Lisbon, to whom he was betrothed. At length, his imagination became so inflamed on the subject, that he determined to fit out an expedition, at his own expense, set sail in quest of this sainted island. It could not be a cruise of any great extent; for, according to the calculations of the tempest-tossed pilot, it must be somewhere in the latitude of the Canaries, which at that time, when the new world was as yet undiscovered, formed the frontier of ocean enterprise. Don Fernando applied to the crown for countenance and protection. As he was a favorite at court, the usual patronage was readily extended to him; that is to say, he received a commission from the king, Don Ioam II., constituting him Adalantado, or military governor, of any country he might discover, with the single proviso that he should bear all the expense of the discovery, and pay a tenth of the profits to the crown.

Don Fernando now set to work in the true spirit of a projector. He sold acre after acre of solid land, and invested the proceeds in ships, guns, ammunition, and sea-stores.—Even his old family mansion, in Lisbon, was mortgaged without scruple, for he looked forward to a palace in one of the Seven Cities, of which he was to be Adalantado. This was the age of nautical romance, when the thoughts of all speculative dreamers were turned to the ocean. The scheme of Don Fernando, therefore, drew adventurers of every kind. The merchant promised himself new marts of opulent traffic; the soldier hoped to sack and plunder some one or other of those Seven Cities; even the fat monk shook off the sleep and sloth of the cloister, to join in a crusade which promised such increase to the possession of the church.

One person alone regarded the whole project with sovereign contempt and growling hostility. This was Don Ramiro Alvarez,

the father of the beautiful Serafina, to whom Don Fernando was betrothed. He was one of those perverse, matter-of-fact old men, who are prone to oppose everything speculative and romantic. He had no faith in the Island of the Seven Cities; regarded the projected cruise as a cracked-brained freak; loo'd with angry eye and internal heartburning on the conduct of his intended son-in-law chaffering away solid lands for lands in the moon, and scoffingly dubbed him Adalantado of Lubberland. In fact, he had never really relished the intended match, to which his consent had been slowly extorted, by the tears and entreaties of his daughter. It is true he would have no reasonable objections to the youth, for Don Fernando was the very flower of Portuguese chivalry. No one could excel him at the tilting match, or the riding at the ring; none composed more gallant madrigals in praise of his lady's charms, or sang them with sweeter tones to the accompaniment of her guitar; nor could any one handle the castanets and dance the bolera with more captivating grace. All these admirable qualities and endowments, however, though they had been sufficient to win the heart of Serafina, were nothing in the eyes of her unreasonable father. O Cupid, god of Love! why will fathers always be so unreasonable!

The engagement to Serafina had threatened at first to throw an obstacle in the way of the expedition of Don Fernando, and for a time perplexed him in the extreme. He was passionately attached to the young lady; but he was also passionately bent on this romantic enterprise. How should he reconcile the two passionate inclinations? A simple and obvious arrangement at length presented itself; marry Serafina, enjoy a portion of the honeymoon at once, and defer the feast until his return from the discovery of the Seven Cities!

He hastened to make known this most excellent arrangement to Don Ramiro, when the long-smothered wrath of the old cavalier burst forth in a storm about his ears. He reproached him with being the dupe of wandering vagabonds and wild schemers, and of squandering all his real possessions, in pursuit of empty bubbles. Don Fernando was too sanguine a projector, and too young a man, to listen tamely to such language. He acted with what is technically called "becoming spirit". A high quarrel ensued; Don Ramiro pronounced him a mad man, and forbade all further intercourse with his daughter, until he should give proof of returning sanity, by abandoning this mad-cap enterprise, while Don Fernando flung out of the house, more bent than ever on the expedition, from the idea of triumphing over the incredulity of the gray-beard, when he should return successful.

Don Ramiro repaired to his daughter's chamber, the moment the youth had departed. He represented to her the sanguine, unsteady character of her lover, and the chimerical nature of his schemes; showed her the propriety of suspending all intercourse with him, until he should recover from his present hallucination; folded her to his bosom with parental fondness, kissed the tear that stole down her cheek; and, as he left the chamber, gently locked the door; for, although he was a

fond father, and had a high opinion of the submissive temper of his child, he had still a higher opinion of the conservative virtues of a lock and key. Whether the damsel had been in any wise shaken in her faith, as to the schemes of her lover, and the existence of the Island of the Seven Cities, by the sage representations of her father, tradition does not say; but it is certain, that she became a firm believer, the moment she heard him turn the key in the lock.

Notwithstanding the interdiction of Don Ramiro, therefore, and his shrewd precautions, the intercourse of the lovers continued, although clandestinely. Don Fernando toiled all day, hurrying forward his nautical enterprise, while at night he would repair, beneath the grated balcony of his mistress to carry on, at equal pace, the no less interesting enterprise of the heart. At length, the preparations for the expedition were completed. Two gallant caravels lay anchored in the Tagus, ready to sail with the morning dawn; while late at night, by the pale light of a waning moon, Don Fernando sought the stately mansion of Alvarez, to take a last farewell of Serafina. The customary signal, of a few low tenches of a guitar, brought her to the balcony. She was sad at heart, and full of gloomy forebodings; but her lover strove to impart to her his own buoyant hope and youthful confidence.

A "few short months," said he, "and I shall return in triumph. Thy father will then blush at his incredulity, and will once more welcome me to his house, when I cross its threshold a wealthy suitor and Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

The beautiful Serafina shook her head mournfully. It was not on those points that she felt doubt or dismay. She believed most implicitly in the Island of the Seven Cities, and trusted devoutly in the success of the enterprise; but she had heard of the inconstancy of the seas, and the inconstancy of those who roam them. Now, let the truth be spoken, Don Fernando, if he had any fault in the world, it was, that he was a little too inflammable; that is to say, a little too subject to take fire from the sparkle of every bright eye; he had been somewhat of a rover among the sex on shore, what might he not be on sea? Might he not meet with other loves in foreign ports? Might he not behold some peerless beauty in one or other of those Seven Cities, who might efface the image of Serafina from his thoughts?

At length she ventured to hint her doubts; but Don Fernando spurned at the very idea.—Never could another be captivating in his eyes! never—never! Repeatedly did he bend his knee, and smite his breast, and call upon the silver moon to witness the sincerity of his vows. But might not Serafina, herself be forgetful of her plighted faith? Might not some wealthier rival present, while he was tossing on the sea, and, backed by the authority of her father, win the treasure of her hand?

Alas! how little did he know Serafina's heart! The more her father should oppose, the more would she be fixed in her faith.—Though years should pass before his return, he would find her true to her vows. Even should the salt seas swallow him up, (and her eyes streamed with salt tears at the thought.)



never would she be the wife of another—never—never! She raised her beautiful white arms between the iron bars of the balcony, and invoked the moon as a testimonial of her faith.

Thus, according to immemorial usage, the lovers parted, with many a vow of eternal constancy. But, will they keep those vows? Perish the doubt! Have they not called the constant moon to witness?

With the morning dawn, the caravels dropped down the Tagus, and put to sea. They steered for the Canaries, in those days the region of nautical romance. Scarcely had they reached those latitudes, when a violent tempest arose. Don Fernando soon lost sight of the accompanying caravel, and was driven out of all reckoning by the fury of the storm.—For several weary days and nights he was tossed to and fro, at the mercy of the elements, expecting each moment to be swallowed up. At length, one day, toward evening, the storm subsided; the clouds cleared up, as though a veil had suddenly been withdrawn from the face of heaven, and the setting sun shone gloriously upon a fair and mountainous island, that seemed close at hand. The tempest-tossed mariners rubbed their eyes, and gazed almost incredulously upon this land, that had emerged so suddenly from the murky gloom; yet there it lay, spread out in lovely landscapes; enlivened by villages, and towers, and spires, while the late stormy sea rolled in peaceful billows to its shores. About a league from the sea, on the banks of a river, stood a noble city, with lofty walls and towers, and a protecting castle. Don Fernando anchored off the mouth of the river, which seemed to form a spacious harbor. In a little while, a barge was seen issuing from the river. It was evidently a barge of ceremony, for it was richly, though quaintly carved and gilt, and decorated with a silken awning, and fluttering streamers, while a banner, bearing the sacred emblem of the cross, floated to the breeze. The barge advanced slowly, impelled by 16 oars, painted of a bright crimson.—The oarsmen were uncouth, or rather antique, in their garb, and kept stroke to the regular cadence of an old Spanish ditty. Beneath the awning sat a cavalier, in a rich, though old-fashioned doublet, with an enormous sombrero and feather.

When the barge reached the caravel, the cavalier stepped on board. He was tall and gaunt, with a long, Spanish visage, and lack-lustre eyes, and an air of lofty and somewhat pompous gravity. His mustachoes were curled up to his ears, his beard was forked and precise; he wore gauntlets that reached to his elbows, and a Toledo blade, that strutted out behind, while in front, its huge basket hilt might have served for a porringer.

Thrusting out a long spindle leg, and taking off his sombrero with a grave and stately sweep, he saluted Don Fernando by name, and welcomed him, in old Castilian language, and in the style of old Castilian courtesy.

Don Fernando was startled at hearing himself accosted by name, by an utter stranger, in a strange land. As soon as he could recover from his surprise, he inquired what land it was at which he had arrived.

"The Island of the Seven Cities."

Could this be true? Had he indeed been thus tempest driven upon the very land of which he was in quest? It was even so.—The other caravel from which he had been separated in the storm, had made a neighboring port of the island, and announced the tidings of this expedition, which came to restore the country to the great community of christendom. The whole island, he was told, was given up to rejoicings on the happy event; and they only waited his arrival to acknowledge allegiance to the crown of Portugal, and hail him as Adalantado of the Seven Cities. A grand feat was to be solemnised that very night, in the Palace of the Alcayde, or Governor of the city; who, on beholding the most opportune arrival of the caravel, had despatched his grand chamberlain, in his barge of state, to conduct the future Adalantado to the ceremony.

Don Fernando could scarcely believe but that this was all a dream. He fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon the grand chamberlain, who, having delivered his message, stood in buckram dignity, drawn up to his full stature, curling his whiskers, stroking his beard, and looking down upon him with inexpressible loftiness, through his lack-lustre eyes. There was no doubting the word of so grave and ceremonious an hidalgo.

Don Fernando now arrayed himself in gala attire. He would have launched his boat, and gone on shore with his own men, but he was informed the barge of state was expressly provided for his accommodation, and, after the fete, would bring him back to his ship; in which, on the following day, he might enter the harbor in befitting style. He accordingly stepped into the barge, and took his seat beneath the awning. The grand chamberlain seated himself on the cushion opposite. The rowers bent to their oars, and renewed their mournful old ditty, and the gorgeous, but unwieldy barge moved slowly and solemnly through the water.

The night closed in, before they entered the river. They swept along, past rock and promontory, each guarded by its towers. The sentinels at every post challenged them as they passed by.

"Who goes there?"

"The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

"He is welcome. Pass on."

On entering the harbor, they rowed close along an armed galley, of the most ancient form. Soldiers with cross bows were stationed on the deck.

"Who goes there?" was again demanded.

"The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

"He is welcome. Pass on."

They landed at a broad flight of stone steps, leading up, between two massive towers, to the watergate of the city, at which they knocked for admission. A sentinel, in an ancient steel casque, looked over the wall. "Who is there?"

"The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

The gate swung slowly open, grating upon its rusty hinges. They entered between two rows of iron-clad warriors, in battered armor, with cross bows, battle-axes, and ancient maces, and with faces as old-fashioned and as rusty as their armor. They saluted Don Fernando in military style, but with perfect silence, as he passed between their ranks. The

city was illuminated, but in such a manner as to give a more shadowy and solemn effect to its old-time architecture. There were bonfires in the principal streets, with groups about them in such old-fashioned garbs, they looked like the fantastic figures that roam the streets in carnival time. Even the stately dames who gazed from the balconies, which they had hung with antique tapestry, looked more like effigies dressed up for a quaint mummary, than like ladies in their fashionable attire. Every thing, in short, bore the stamp of former ages, as if the world had suddenly rolled back a few centuries. Nor was this to be wondered at. Had not the Island of the Seven Cities been for several hundred years cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, and was it not natural that the inhabitants should retain many of the modes and customs, brought here by their ancestors?

One thing certainly they had conserved; the old-fashioned Spanish gravity and stateliness. Though this was a time of public rejoicing, and though Don Fernando was the object of their congratulations, every thing was conducted with the most solemn ceremony, and wherever he appeared, instead of acclamations, he was received with profound silence, and the most formal reverences and swayings of their sombreros.

Arrived at the palace of Alcayde, the usual ceremonial was repeated. The chamberlain knocked for admission.

"Who is there?" demanded the porter.

"The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

"He is welcome. Pass on."

The grand portal was thrown open. The chamberlain led the way up a vast but heavily moulded marble stair-case, and so through one of those interminable suites of apartments, that are the pride of the Spanish palaces. All were furnished in a style of obsolete magnificence. As they passed through the chambers, the title of Don Fernando was forwarded on by servants stationed at every door; and every where produced the most profound reverences and courtesies. At length they reached a magnificent saloon, blazing with tapers, in which the Alcayde, and the principal dignitaries of the city, were waiting to receive their illustrious guest. The grand chamberlain presented Don Fernando in due form, and falling back among the other officers of the household, stood as usual curling his whiskers, and stroking his forked beard.

Don Fernando was received by the Alcayde and the other dignitaries with the same stately and formal courtesy that he had every where remarked. In fact, there was so much form and ceremonial, that it seemed difficult to get at any thing social or substantial. Nothing but bows, and compliments, and old-fashioned courtesies. The Alcayde and his courtiers resembled, in face and form, those quaint worthies to be seen in the pictures of old illuminated manuscripts; while the cavaliers and dames who thronged the saloon, might have been taken for the antique figures of goblin tapestry suddenly vivified and put in motion.

The banquet, which had been kept back until the arrival of Don Fernando, was now announced; and such a feast! such unknown dishes and obsolete dainties; with the peacock, that bird of state and ceremony, served



up in full plumage, in a golden dish, at the head of the table. And then, as Don Fernando cast his eyes over the glittering board, what a vista of odd heads and head-dresses, of formal bearded dignitaries, and stately dames, with castellated locks and towering plumes!

As fate would have it, on the other side of Don Fernando, was seated the daughter of the Alcayde. She was arrayed, it is true, in a dress that might have been worn before the flood; but then she had a melting, black, Andalusian eye, that was perfectly irresistible.—Her voice, too, her manner, her movements, all smacked of Andalusia, and showed how female fascination may be transmitted from age to age, and clime to clime, without ever losing its power or going out of fashion. Those who know the witchery of the sex, in that most amorous region of old Spain, may judge what must have been the fascination to which Don Fernando was exposed, when seated beside one of the most captivating of its descendants. He was, as has already been hinted, of an inflammable temperament, with a heart ready to get in a light blaze at every instant. And then he had been so wearied by pompous, tedious old cavaliers, with their formal bows and speeches, is it to be wondered at that he turned with delight to the Alcayde's daughter, all smiles, and dimples, and melting looks and melting accents! Beside, for I wish to give him every excuse in my power, he was in a particularly excitable mood, from the novelty of the scene before him, and his head was almost turned with this sudden and complete realization of all his hopes and fancies; and then, in the flurry of the moment, he had taken frequent draughts at the wine cup, presented him at every instant by officious pages, and all the world knows the effect of such draughts in giving potency to female charms. In a word, there is no concealing the matter, the banquet was not half over, before Don Fernando was making love, outright, to the Alcayde's daughter. It was his old habitude, contracted long before his matrimonial engagement. The young lady hung her head coyly; her eye rested upon a ruby heart, sparkling in a ring on the hand of Don Fernando, a parting gage of love from Serafina. A blush crimsoned her very temples. She darted a glance of doubt at the ring, and then at Don Fernando. He read her doubt, and in the giddy intoxication of the moment, drew off the pledge of his affianced bride, and slipped it on the finger of the Alcayde's daughter.

At this moment the banquet broke up. The chamberlain with his lofty demeanor and his lack-lustre eye, stood before him, and announced that the barge was waiting to conduct him back to the caravel. Don Fernando took a formal leave of the Alcayde and his dignitaries, and a tender farewell of the Alcayde's daughter, with a promise to throw himself at her feet on the following day. He was rowed back to his vessel in the same slow and stately manner, to the cadence of the same mournful old ditty. He retired to his cabin, his brain whirling with all that he had seen, and his heart now and then giving him a twinge, as he recollected his temporary infidelity to the beautiful Serafina. He flung himself on his bed, and soon fell into a feverish sleep. His dreams were wild and inco-

herent. How long he slept he knew not, but when he awoke he found himself in a strange cabin, with persons around him of whom he had no knowledge. He rubbed his eyes to ascertain whether he were really awake. In reply to his inquiries, he was informed that he was on board of a Portuguese ship, bound to Lisbon, having been taken senseless from a wreck drifting about the ocean.

Don Fernando was confounded and perplexed. He retraced every thing distinctly that had happened to him in the Island of the Seven Cities, until he had retired to rest on board of the caravel. Had his vessel been driven from her anchors, and wrecked during his sleep? The people about him could give him no information on the subject. He talked to them of the Island of the Seven Cities, and of all that had befallen him there. They regarded his words as the ravings of delirium, and in their honest solicitude, administered such rough remedies, that he was fain to drop the subject, and observe a cautious taciturnity.

At length they arrived in the Tagus, and anchored before the famous city of Lisbon.—Don Fernando sprang joyfully on shore, and hastened to his ancestral mansion. To his surprise, it was inhabited by strangers; and when he asked about his family, no one could give him any information concerning them.

He now sought the mansion of Don Ramiro, for the temporary flame kindled by the bright eyes of the Alcayde's daughter had long since burnt itself out, and his genuine passion for Serafina had revived with all its fervor.—He approached the balcony, beneath which he had so often serenaded her. Did his eyes deceive him? No! There was Serafina herself at the balcony. An exclamation of rapture burst from him, as he raised his arms toward her. She cast upon him a look of indignation, and hastily retiring, closed the casement. Could she have heard of his flirtation with the Alcayde's daughter? He would soon dispel every doubt of his constancy.—The door was open. He rushed up stairs, and entering the room, threw himself at her feet. She shrank back with affright, and took refuge in the arms of a youthful cavalier.

"What mean you, Sir," cried the latter, "by this intrusion?"

"What right have you," replied Don Fernando, "to ask the question?"

"The right of an affianced suitor!"

Don Fernando started, and turned pale. "O Serafina! Serafina!" cried he, in a tone of agony, "is this thy plighted constancy?"

"Serafina!—what mean you by Serafina! If it be this young lady you intend, her name is Maria."

"Is not this Serafina Alvarez, and is not that her portrait?" pointing to a picture of his mistress.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the young lady, "he is talking of my great grandmother!"

An explanation ensued, if that could be called an explanation, which plunged the unfortunate Fernando into tenfold perplexity. If he might believe his eyes, he saw before him his beloved Serafina; if he might believe his ears, it was merely her hereditary form and features, perpetuated in the person of her great grand-daughter.

His brain began to spin. He sought the office of the Minister of Marine, and made a report of his expedition, and of the island of the Seven Cities, which he had so fortunately discovered. Nobody knew anything of such an expedition, or such an island. He declared that he had undertaken the enterprise under a formal contract with the crown, and had received a regular commission, constituting him Adalantado. This must be a matter of record, and he insisted loudly that the books of the department should be consulted. The wordy strife at length attracted the attention of an old greyheaded clerk, who sat perched on a high stool, at a high desk, with iron rimmed spectacles on the top of a thin, pinched nose, copying records into an enormous folio. He had wintered and summered in the department for a great part of a century, until he had almost grown to be a piece of the desk at which he sat; his memory was a mere index of official facts and documents, and his brain was little better than red tape and parchment. After peering down for a time from his lofty perch, and ascertaining the matter in controversy, he put his pen behind his ear, and descended. He remembered to have heard something from his predecessor about an expedition of the kind in question, but then it had sailed during the reign of Don Ioam II., and he had been dead at least a hundred years. To put the matter beyond dispute, however, the archives of the Torre do Tombo, that sepulchre of all Portuguese documents, were diligently searched, and a record was found of a contract between the crown and one Fernando de Ulmo, for the discovery of the Island of the Seven Cities, and of a commission secured to him as Adalantado of the country he might discover.

"There!" cried Don Fernando, triumphantly, "there you have proof, before your own eyes, of what I have said. I am the Fernando de Ulmo specified in that record. I have discovered the Island of the Seven Cities, and am entitled to be Adalantado, according to contract."

The story of Don Fernando had certainly, what is pronounced the best of historical foundation, documentary evidence; but when a man, in the bloom of youth, talked of events that had taken place above a century previously, as having happened to himself, it is no wonder that he was set down for a mad man.

The old clerk looked at him from above and below his spectacles, shrugged his shoulders, stroked his chin, reascended his lofty stool, took the pen from behind his ears, and resumed his daily and his eternal task, copying records into the fiftieth volume of a series of gigantic folios. The other clerks winked at each other shrewdly, and dispersed to their several places, and poor Don Fernando thus left to himself, flung out of the office, almost driven wild by these repeated perplexities.

In the confusion of his mind, he instinctively repaired to the mansion of Alvarez, but it was barred against him. To break the delusion under which the youth apparently labored, and to convince him that the Serafina about whom he raved was really dead, he was conducted to her tomb. There she lay, a stately matron, cut out in alabaster; and there lay her husband beside her; a portly cavalier, in armor; and there knelt, on each



side, the effigies of a numerous progeny, proving that she had been a fruitful vine. Even the very monument gave proof of the lapse of time, for the hands of her husband, which were folded as if in prayer, had lost their fingers, and the face of the once lovely Serafina was noseless.

Don Fernando felt a transient glow of indignation at beholding this monumental proof of the inconstancy of his mistress; but who could expect a mistress to remain constant during a whole century of absence? And what right had he to rail about constancy, after what had passed between him and the Alcayde's daughter? The unfortunate cavalier performed one pious act of tender devotion; he had the alabaster nose of Serafina restored by a skilful statuary, and then tore himself from the tomb.

He could now no longer doubt the fact that, somehow or other, he had skipped over a whole century, during the night he had spent at the Island of the Seven Cities; and he was now as complete a stranger in his native city, as if he had never been there. A thousand times did he wish himself back to that wonderful island, with its antiquated banquet halls, where he had been so courteously received; and now that the once young and beautiful Serafina was nothing but a great grandmother in marble, with generations of descendents, a thousand times would he recall the melting black eyes of the Alcayde's daughter, who doubtless, like himself, was still flourishing in fresh juvenility, and breathe a secret wish that he were seated by her side.

He would at once have set on foot another expedition, at his own expense, to cruise in search of the sainted island, but his means were exhausted. He endeavored to rouse others to the enterprise, setting forth the certainty of profitable results, of which his own experience furnished such unquestionable proof. Alas! no one would give faith to his tale; but looked upon it as the feverish dream of a shipwrecked man. He persisted in his efforts; holding forth in all places and all companies, until he became an object of jest and jeer to the lightminded, who mistook his earnest enthusiasm for a proof of insanity; and the very children in the streets bantered him with the title of "The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

Finding all his efforts in vain, in his native city of Lisbon, he took shipping for the Canaries as being nearer the latitude of his former cruise, and inhabited by people given to nautical adventure. Here he found ready listeners to his story; for the old pilots and mariners of those parts were notorious island-hunters and devout believers in all the wonders of the seas. Indeed, one and all treated his adventure as a common occurrence, and turning to each other, with a sagacious nod of the head, observed, "He has been at the Island of St. Brandan."

They then went on to inform him of that great marvel and enigma of the ocean; of its repeated appearance to the inhabitants of their islands; and of the many but ineffectual expeditions that had been made in search of it. They took him to a promontory of the island of Palma, from whence the shadowy St. Brandan had oftenest been described, and they pointed out the very tract

in the west where its mountains had been seen.

Don Fernando listened with rapt attention. He had no longer a doubt that this mysterious and fugacious island must be the same with that of the Seven Cities; and that there must be some supernatural influence connected with it, that had operated upon himself, and made the events of a night occupy the space of a century.

He endeavored, but in vain, to rouse the islanders to another attempt at discovery; they had given up the phantom island as indeed inaccessible. Fernando, however, was not to be discouraged. The idea wore itself deeper and deeper in his mind, until it became the engrossing subject of his thoughts and object of his being. Every morning he would repair to the promontory of Palma, and sit there throughout the live-long day, in hopes of seeing the fairy mountains of St. Brandan peering above the horizon; every evening he returned to his home, a disappointed man, but ready to resume his post on the following morning.

His assiduity was all in vain. He grew gray in his ineffectual attempt; and was at length found dead at his post. His grave is still shown in the island of Palma, and a cross is erected on the spot where he used to sit and look out upon the sea, in hopes of the re-appearance of the enchanted island.

## Essay.

Original.

### THE INFLUENCE OF NOVELS.

TO BETH,—Will you allow one who can make scarce more than a stranger's claim to your acquaintance, to write a few plain thoughts for your perusal, taking as a text, Novels, and the conversation that passed while at your home?

Those persons are fortunate who have the leisure to devote to reading; but without system and discrimination in the choice of books, that fortune will be of little advantage.

Novels—what are they? They are the offspring of luxury and passion, presenting high-wrought and unreal portraiture of life, written by those who must be indifferent to the praise of truth. They may have notoriety, but not fame. And who would wish a name that would bring upon it the execrations of posterity? Satan has a kind of fame, but who covets it?

'Tis true, they have much of charm about them. They speak of moss-clung casements, the arrowy eyes of cupid, groves of festooned moonshine, stars and streams, firmaments of blue, old baronial castles, rainbows and brides, beauty tresses and idolatry, perfumed sighs, treasured tears, golden clay and human diamonds, to say nothing of duel, battle, and blood, cracked brains and broken hearts, and the indispensable chain with which all these are bound and interlinked is—(sorry to mention the word) *Love*,—yet one who reads novels will doubtless take no exceptions to that term. In all this, to young hearts, unskilled in the world, and ever reaching out for that unutterable and inappreciable something which is to be to them the panacea of ill, and balm to

their eternal unrest, there is much of fascination. I have owned its witchery.

But Fiction, by its unreal representations of character, adds to the natural proneness in us of placing too high our estimates of human perfectibility. It prompts us to fashion the future to our will, fill it with the perfect creatures of our imaginations, and the bliss our hearts hope for, and when we meet life, its stern and cold realities, and find that, compared with our expectations, this is but a dull, didactic world, our companions in it imperfect and full of folly, we are disappointed, and turn from it with distaste; our sympathies and tears are congealed within us, and we lapse into a stoical indifference to life, and a misanthropic bitterness toward our fellow men.

"Look not for perfection, until ye be also perfect." It is commendable indeed, to strive at excellence in ourselves, yet we may never hope to arrive at the highest state. If there were perfection on earth, we should experience perfect bliss, and if there were such bliss, what need of an eternity, and a Heaven?

It impairs the memory, by hasty and inattentive reading. We hurry along, eager for the incidents of the plot; we do not ask, is character truly delineated, is the language classic, are the thoughts worth retaining, but on a race-horse stampede through the book, we are feverishly inquiring, "how does it turn out?"

It blunts the finer sensibilities of our natures, by exciting and drawing them out in sympathy over the sad portrayal of scenes which have no existence but in the imagination of the Novelist; and it is settled, I think, that the second glow of a tender feeling or passion, whichever it may be, has never the fervor of the first—and these fictitious scenes, so far beyond the reality, exhaust the fountain, so that we become indifferent to the actual woes and weals of life having nothing to bestow. And Heaven knows that there is enough of ill to man on this low earth, to exercise all the tears, love, and tenderness it may plant in human bosoms.

Some novels, however, have an aim pure and lofty,—those written to illustrate morals, and make visible the heinousness of vice in contrast with virtue; yet the "cream" of these even, will occupy only a paragraph, and often not more than a simple sentence; for instance, "Live and let live." The memories of sorrow, sin and wrong, are sources of pleasure, mournful though it be; and these thoughts are spun out to such gossamer tenuity as to become imperceptible, clogged by the lumber of words, or lost in a labyrinth of language.

We should indulge ourselves in fictions of unquestionable tendency, only in hours of relaxation from severer study, when the mind is partially exhausted by hard application in unraveling the knots of knowledge, or mastering the mysteries of science; and the works we choose should have the sanction of the great names in literature, as Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, Bryant, and not some alliterative and obscure Hub Hazel or Harry Halyard. There must be something gross in the mind that will produce the unseemly conception of a "Female Pirate."

Are we placed upon this earth for the simple and sole purpose of pandering to our low passions? Is not human nature capable of something loftier and more noble? Aye, it is



—and let us not debase to groveling dust-homage temples of divine architecture, spirits of holy mission.

The field of literature is broad; and the range of choice correspondingly great. Each person is a free agent, and may choose as he pleases; but why should we fritter our thoughts away upon trifling trash, in the regions of fancy and fiction, leaving the broad realms of truth untouched. Besides, our lives are but a span,—we have no time to throw away. It is a remark of Sir Isaac Newton, of whose fame you know, the profoundest man of his time, and the greatest philosopher of any age, that he, was "as a child, who had picked up a few pebbles on the shore, while before him lay the great ocean of truth unexplored."

Literature comprises Travels, Biography, History, Poetry, Politics, Theology, Ethics, Philosophy, and Fiction. We should study the spheres of life in which we are to move, and choose that course of reading which will fit us to fill that sphere with honor to ourselves and benefit to others. If we are to be professional men, let us read in the line of our professions; Lawyers, works on law; Ministers, those on theology; Physicians, on medicine; persons of general intelligence, travels, history, &c.; but if we would be soft and dreamy sentimentalists, let us read Novels.

There is one great Novel which can never be written in books, beyond the conception of man, and of which all others are purile imitations, in which finite beings attempt to overleap and surpass their infinite God,—and this is *Nature*. Permit me to advise you to study it, for in that you will find stars that shine, castles not made by man, flowers that yield perfume, beauty that does not fade, and in and around all, love, mystery, and charm.

Have we joys, share them there with the sad; have we sorrows let us mingle with the glad; have we tenderness, let it be balm to the wounded spirit; are we high, let us raise the oppressed and lowly; have we hearts, let us love the good and holy; and the goddess of happiness and peace will bless us.

Whatever motive, kind madam, you may conceive to prompt me in writing this, please think not an evil one, and I shall be content.

Truly, &c., J. W. V.

Our correspondent has taken one view of the subject, and exposed grave evils. These, in our opinion, are the result of *misuse* of the Imagination, and a misuse fearfully prevalent. But we shall next week give another article, in which another view is taken: our readers can then judge for themselves.—EDS. LITERARY UNION.

You can persecute a man in two ways. By torturing his body: as in the Inquisition.—Again, by calumniating him because he utters his honest convictions. There is a moral persecution as well as a physical persecution. Of the two, the persecution which kills your good fame and distorts the motives, is infinitely worse than the rack which tortures the muscles and murders the body.

MRS. PARTINGTON says, that a man fell down the other day in an applejack fit, and his life was extirpated.

THEY best worship God who most love His creatures.

## Scientific.

### Medical Discovery.

Let me mention, as among fresh scientific works, the publication of Dr. Arnott on a new treatment of pain and of certain diseases, by freezing. The Doctor's work is *On the Treatment of Headache, Erysipelas, &c., by benumbing Cold*. He makes use of a mixture of ice and salt, in the proportion of one to one-half, as his frigorific mixture, and this he applies by means of a little purse of silk gauze with a rim of gutta percha, to limited spots on the forehead or other parts of the scalp, where rheumatic headache is felt. Many cases are cited of instantaneous relief in headaches of very long standing, and which had resisted all other means. The skin is subjected to the process for from half a minute to one and half minutes, and is rendered hard and white.—The same treatment has been most successful in erysipelas of the head and face, a truly formidable disease. Also in skin diseases attended with terrible itching, and in short in all inflammations of the surface, whether having a tendency to gangrene or not. Ice, he remarks, only irritates, and the surface reacts against it; but this severe cold at once knocks down all opposition, and causes total yielding and insensibility. Hence he has used the same means in surgical operations, and in those where the whole part can be commanded, as in amputation of fingers, cutting out of superficial tumors, &c., the painlessness is complete. The mode is well worth trying, and for severe biles and many skin diseases will no doubt prove a good domestic remedy. It has the grand benefits of immediate power and easy applicability; and to which it causes no pain, nothing like the inconvenience of small degrees of cold, and leaves behind it, with moderate care, no ill consequences.—*London Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

### Amber—Where is it Found?

Amber has excited the attention of the naturalist, and trader for upwards of 3000 years. The Phœnicians, were first to navigate the North sea in quest of it. Part of the raw material is exported from Prussia, but the staple market is Turkey, from which place, certain portions are carried yearly to the holy Kouba, at Mecca. Its value, which was considered by the ancients as equal to gold and precious stones, is now much diminished. It is used chiefly in making ornaments. The oil is used for liniment, and varnish.

Various opinions have been entertained concerning the origin of amber. One supposes it to be an antediluvian resin, on account of the leaves, toads, and insects which it contains; another that it is an animal production, and a third claims for it a vegetable origin, from its possessing so many properties in common with resins, and attributes its formation to forests submerged by the ocean, and covered with sand.

A German paper says, that suspension of life caused by prussic acid, is only apparent; life is immediately restored by pouring acetate of potash and common salt dissolved in water, on the head and spine.

## Beautiful Phenomenon.

An Italian correspondent of the *Tribune* relates an incident which occurred on the Island of Capri:—

Ana Capri is the highest part in the island. From its summit you may sweep the horizon for 60 miles. Here I was fortunate enough to witness a beautiful phenomenon of rare occurrence, although easily explicable. I sat with my companion on the edge of the precipice, looking down upon the village of Capri. A heavy cloud floated past just at our feet.—The sun was behind and threw our shadows upon it, and suddenly they appeared surrounded with several concentric halos of rainbow colors. At times the circles diminished in number and the colors grew faint, but as a thicker portion of the cloud floated by, they revived and increased again and at times there were as many as six or eight together. It was a most beautiful sight, and one might well be pardoned for pronouncing it a celestial vision, for there were shadowy figures seated upon a cloud and girt with celestial colors. The canes which lay upon our shoulders resembled scepters in their hands.

## Sketches of Travel.

### EXTRACTS FROM LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE U. S.

#### GEORGIA LAWS.

It had previously been imagined that an impassable gulf separated the races; but now it is proved that more than half that space can, in a few generations, be successfully passed over; and the humble negro of the coast of Guinea has shown himself to be one of the most imitative and improvable of human beings. Yet the experiment may still be defeated, not so much by the fanaticism of abolitionists, or the prejudices of those slave-owners who are called perpetualists, who maintain that slavery should be permanent, and that it is a blessing in itself to the negro, but by the jealousy of an unscrupulous democracy invested with political power. Of the imminent nature of this peril, I was never fully aware, until I was startled by the publication of an act passed by the Legislature of Georgia during my visit to that state, December 27th, 1845. The following is the preamble and one of the clauses:—

"An act to prohibit colored mechanics and masons, being slaves, or free persons of color, being mechanics or masons, from making contracts for the erection of buildings, or for the repair of building, and declaring the white person or persons directly or indirectly contracting with or employing them, as well as the master, employer, manager, or agent for said slave, or guardian for said free person of color, authorizing or permitting the same, guilty of a misdemeanor," and prescribing punishment for the violation of this act.

"Section 1.—Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from and after the 1st day of February next, each and every white person who shall hereafter contract or bargain with any slave, mechanic, or mason, or free person of color,



being a mechanic or mason, shall be liable to be indicted for a misdemeanor; and, on conviction, to be fined, at the discretion of the Court, not exceeding two hundred dollars."

Then follows another clause imposing the like penalties on the owners of slaves, or guardians of *free persons of color*, who authorize the contracts prohibited by this statute.

#### NEW HARMONY.

We spent several days very agreeably at New Harmony, where we were most hospitably welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Dale Owen.—The town is pleasantly situated in a valley watered by the Wabash, which here divides the states of Indiana and Illinois. Some large buildings, in the German style of architecture, stand conspicuous, and were erected by Rapp; but the communities founded by him, and afterward by Robert Owen of Lanark, have disappeared, the principle edifice being now appropriated as a public museum, in which I found a good collection of geological specimens, both fossils and minerals, made during the state survey, and was glad to learn that the Legislature, with a view of encouraging science, has exempted this building from taxes. Lectures on chemistry and geology are given here in the winter. Many families of superior intelligence, English, Swiss, and German, have settled in the place, and there is a marked simplicity in their manner of living which reminded us of Germany. They are very sociable, and there were many private parties where there was music and dancing, and a public assembly once a week, to one of which we went, where quadrilles and waltzes were danced, the band consisting of amateur musicians.

Say, the eminent conchologist, who died at the age of forty-five, formerly resided at New Harmony; and recently Prince Maximilian, of Neuwied, and the naturalists who accompanied him, passed a winter here. We found also, among the residents, a brother of Mr. Maclure, the geologist, who placed his excellent library and carriage at our disposal. He lends his books freely among the citizens, and they are much read. We were glad to hear many recent publications, some even of the most expensively illustrated works, discussed and criticised in society here. We were also charmed to meet with many children happy and merry, yet perfectly obedient; and once more to see what, after the experience of the last two or three months, struck us as a singular phenomenon in the New World, a *shy child*!

I made some geological excursions with Dr. Owen and his friend, Mr. Bolton, to see the "carboniferous rocks," of which this region is constituted, and the shelly loam, like that of Natchez, which has evidently once filled up to a considerable height the valley of the Wabash, and through which the running waters have re-excavated the present valley.

There is no church or place of public worship in New Harmony, a peculiarity which we never remarked in any town of half the size in the course of our tour in the United States.—Being here on week-days only, I had no opportunity of observing whether on Sundays there are any meetings for social worship. I heard that when the people of Evansville once

reproached the citizens of this place for having no churches, they observed that they had also no shops for the sale of spirituous liquors, which is still a characteristic of New Harmony; whereas Evansville, like most of the neighboring towns of Indiana, abounds in such incentives to intemperance.

## Personal Sketches.

### THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

The following, which we take from a London Journal, is the most complete account we have seen of the different members of the family of Napoleon:

"The position of present and the prospect of future events lend a striking interest to all that pertains to Bonapartes, and it may be worth while here to devote a few lines to them and their relationships. It is, of course, known to every one that Napoleon Bonaparte was the second son of Charles-Marie Bonaparte; that he married first Josephine, by whom he had no issue; second, Marie-Louise, of Austria, whose only child, the Duc de Reichstadt, died in 1832, at Vienna, when the right line of the Imperial family became extinct.

Napoleon had four brothers—Joseph, his elder, Lucien, Louis and Jerome; and three sisters—Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Joseph, King of Spain, left two daughters—Zenaide and Charlotte,—but no sons. Lucien, Prince of Canino, had no less than eleven children, five sons and six daughters; of whom there are still living, Charles Napoleon, Prince of Canino, who married his cousin Zenaide, daughter and heiress of Joseph, by whom he has ten children—Louis Lucien, Pierre Napoleon, Antonie, Charlotte, (married Prince Gabrielli,) Christine, (married to Lord Dudley Stuart,) Lætitia, (married to Mr. Thomas Wyse,) Alexandrine, (married to Count Valentini,) Constance, (now a nun,) and Jeanne, (married to the Marquis Honorati.)

Louis, King of Holland, who married Queen Hortense, had three sons, Napoleon, Napoleon Louis, and Louis Napoleon—the only survivor and now President of the French Republic. Jerome, King of Westphalia, had two sons, Jerome Napoleon, and Napoleon, and one daughter, Mathilde, now Princess Demidoff. Of the sisters of Napoleon, Eliza married Prince Felix Baciocchi, and left one daughter, (now married to Count Camerata)—Pauline left no children,—Caroline married Murat, King of Naples, and became the mother of the present Lucien Charles Murat, of Lætitie, (married to Count Pepoli) and of Louise, (married to Count Rosponi.)

This is the entire Bonaparte family. Of the brothers and sisters of the Emperor, only Jerome now remains. Of the second generations—his nephews and nieces—there are fourteen, and of the third generation there is still more considerable number.

As will be seen in the foregoing program, Louis Napoleon is not the head of the family by order of nature. By right of primogeniture, all the descendants of Lucien would take precedence of the heirs of Louis, but, as it is well known, Louis was in disgrace when his imperious brother had the order of succession to the empire fixed and he and his descendants were excluded.

How far this law, founded on a whim, is binding in such a new state of things as the present, is a question which the partizans of the family are beginning to ask themselves.—Louis Napoleon is the only remaining male member of the families entitled by the laws of the empire (28 Floreal, an xii. and 5 Frimaire, xiii.) to the succession. The Prince of Canino, the real head of the house, has declared his intention of returning to France and entering the Chamber. The other princes of the family, who are at present prominently before the public, are, Pierre, brother to Canino; Napoleon, son of Jerome, late ambassador to Madrid, and Lucien Murat."

### Marshal Bugeaud.

The late Marshal Bugeaud was the son of a lady of Irish descent, was born in 1784, entered the army as a private, was made a corporal on the field of Austerlitz; he rose gradually to distinction in the army, and became a firm friend of Louis Phillippe; he conducted the Duchess of Berri from her prison in the citadel of Blaye, and afterwards fought a duel in her cause with M. Du Long, and shot him through the head. He succeeded General Clausel in Algeria; for his services there, he was made a Marshal of France, in 1843. He adhered to Louis Phillippe to the last moment of probable success.

The last words of Marshal Bugeaud were, "I am a lost man."

## Miscellany.

### THE WIFE.

She sits in her chair from morning to night,  
'Tis sew, work, sew;  
She rises at dawn with her heart so light,  
Goes sewing and sewing with all her might,  
Till the hour of rest. 'Tis her delight  
To work and sew, and sew.

The needle goes in and the thread comes out,  
'Tis sew, sew, sew;  
Now she sings to the baby a merry song,  
And cheers the hearts of the happy throng,  
While her fingers nimbly fly along,  
To sew, sew, sew.

### THE HUSBAND.

He sits in his chair from morning to night,  
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke;  
He rises at dawn his cigar to light,  
Goes puffing and chewing with all his might,  
Till the hour of sleep. 'Tis his delight  
To smoke, chew, smoke.

The quid goes in when the cigar goes out,  
'Tis chew, chew, chew;  
Now a cloud of smoke pours from his throat,  
Then, his mouth sends a constant stream afloat,  
Sufficient to carry a mill or a boat,  
'Tis chew, chew, chew.

A Country Schoolmaster thus describes a money lender: "He serves you in the present case—he lends you in the conditional mood—keeps you in the dejective—and ruins you in the future."

It is impossible to love those a second time whom we have really ceased to love.



## DISCUSSING A CUSTARD.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Delicious custard! and delicious Mary  
Who baked it—maiden with the raven hair,  
And face and hand exceedingly contrary—  
In other words a maiden passing fair—  
I hold the bakery delicious, very,  
And fall back comfortably in my chair  
Between the mouthfulls, and am meditative  
About this custard that I have a plate of.

Delicious custard! what uncommon eggs—  
Fresh as your face, my dear, those must have  
been,  
No chickens therein being, with short legs,  
Waiting to enter on this out-door scene;  
And very humbly your inquirer begs  
That extra care be paid the mother hen,  
For giving us such splendid specimens  
So much above the brood of common hens.

Apropos, Mary, is it China, Dorking,  
Or common fowl you keep? I recommend  
Hens with a cluck that sounds like wine uncork-  
ing;  
A bill extremely yellow at the end:  
The kind I mentioned, with five toes outforking  
Are very good, and may be made to mend  
By certain other mixtures; for which aim  
Eschew especially all fowls called "game."

"Another plate"—yes—thank you; I would say  
This milk has been delicious, almost cream.  
You milk, of course, quite early every day,  
Something before the rising sun's first beam;  
It must be fine, this getting up in May;  
Just when the sluggards first begin to dream;  
You have the dew upon the grass, I think—  
A glassful of the milk, and I will drink.

Sugar, milk, eggs—no butter did you say?  
No butter; would it not improve the taste?  
Perhaps not! would it keep if put away?  
Of course not—milk grows acid in such haste;  
Be careful, Mary; custard for to-day,  
But fresh to-morrow, 'tis a shame to waste;  
And you, I know, are careful, and so clean—  
Fifteen! Ah, more! seventeen; sweet seven-  
teen!

You use fine custard sugar—loaf, of course,  
White as your forehead—never use the brown;  
And white Havanna is one quarter worse;  
Stuart's best loaf will always bear the crown  
For crystal; uniform but not too coarse—  
So much soft milk to smooth the custard down;  
I'll have you, Mary, dear, when I get rich,  
For cook, or wife, or both; I don't care which.

## The Remedy.

"O Doctor," said an elderly lady recently,  
to Dr. H—, the celebrated bone-setter, in  
describing the effects of a diseased spine, "I  
can neither lay nor set."

"I should recommend," replied he, "the pro-  
prietory of roosting."

Sir Boyle Roche, the blunderer, rose one  
day in the Irish House of Commons, and said  
with a more serious and graver aspect than  
usual—"Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the  
times is such, that little children who can nei-  
ther walk nor talk, may be seen running  
about the streets cursing their Maker!"

## HUNGARY.

Translated from the *Frankfort Journal for the Liter-  
ary Union.*

BY J. M. LINCK, M. D.

The scouting service of the Imperialists, in  
the Hungarian war, is so very hazardous and  
fatiguing, that this alone will effectually des-  
troy the best organized troops in a few  
months.

For weeks, the poor soldier does not take  
off his clothes, or the saddle from the back of  
his horse. At every hour during the day and  
night, in storm, wind, or sunshine, he has to  
look out for an attack. And, if it should  
please once an advanced outpost to play the  
Sybarite—that is to take off their shoes and  
make themselves comfortable as human be-  
ings do—or if they set their cocking apparat-  
us over the fire, or the cavalry loose a strap  
from their saddles, the peasant of the village  
will signify to the Magyars, that there is some-  
thing for them to do.

The Magyar outposts, on the contrary,  
sleep sweetly in the beds of their hosts, their  
cherished horses feed from the full granaries,  
the boys brush them and bathe their limbs  
with wine, and before the enemy comes dan-  
gerously near, all are in a place of security.—  
During a retreat, the Imperialists are in a still  
worse condition. After long and forced  
marches, to which, to use the words of Wel-  
den, (one of the Austrian Generals) "the ene-  
my follows in a hurry" they reach a village  
where they hope to get an hour's rest, a piece  
of bread, a glass of wine, or at least a drink  
of water, for themselves and their horses; but  
they find the thatched huts empty—the only  
inhabitants being helpless old women, who  
complain of having no water for themselves,  
and of being near starvation—the wells filled  
up with sand, the cellars plundered, and of  
the hay barracks, nothing left but the frame  
work.

Menaces avail nothing, and for search there  
is no time; for far in the horizon, are already  
visible the chasing hussars. In this way, the  
corps continues its march from the village,  
starving and desponding as they came, their  
only hope that they may reach the main army,  
before their rapidly failing strength is entirely  
exhausted.

But, O wonder! scarcely have they disap-  
peared, when the abandoned huts grow lively.  
Men creep out of their hiding places like beav-  
ers from their aquatic dwellings. As soon as  
evening comes on, all men run to and fro,  
like mad, to prepare for the entertainment of  
their dear, expected guests. Wine there is in  
abundance, water in streams, hay, bread, and  
pork in superfluity; kissing and shaking of  
hands thrown into the bargain. The village  
looks like a fair, the old matrons literally skip  
for joy, the boys caress the horses, and the  
men ask in a hurry, whether Kossuth, whom  
may God bless, is still at Debreezin, and whe-  
ther Windischgratz, whose great grand-moth-  
er is already damned, still holds the King in  
prison.

It was a pretty saying of a little boy, who  
seeing two nestling birds picking at each  
other, inquired of his elder brother what  
they were doing. "They are quarrel-  
ing," was the answer. "No," replied the  
child, "that cannot be; they are bro-  
there."

How to acquire Wealth and a Wife at  
Once.

"A scheme has been projected," says a Bar-  
celona paper, "by a poor but talented young  
man here, anxious to form a matrimonial al-  
liance with a lady, likewise without fortune,  
which has for its aim, the assurance of a com-  
petence to the contracting parties. For this  
purpose, the would-be bridegroom proposes  
making a raffle of himself, and with this view  
has issued five thousand tickets at a dollar  
each. The female who shall draw the prize,  
no matter what her position may be, will be  
entitled to full information respecting the phy-  
sical and moral qualities of the gentleman,  
who, on his side, will also be afforded the  
same advantages. If both agree to conclude  
the projected alliance, they will possess a cap-  
ital of five thousand dollars to support the  
charges incident to matrimony; but should  
either object, the money is to be divided  
equally between them, each being thus furn-  
ished with a dowry to enable them to make a  
choice in which chance shall take no part.—  
The plan is an ingenious one, though its ac-  
complishment is beset with difficulties. To  
what a pitch has calculation and speculation  
reached!"

## The Vatican at Rome.

The Vatican, which crowns one of the sev-  
en hills of Rome, is a group of buildings, cov-  
ering a space of 1200 by 1000 feet. It was  
formerly occupied by the gardens of Nero.—  
The Vatican owes its origin to the Bishops of  
Rome, who, in the sixth century, erected a  
humble building on its site. Pope Eugenius  
III, rebuilt it on a magnificent scale in 1150;  
a few years afterwards Innocent II. gave it as  
a lodging to Peter II. king of Arragon. In  
1305, Clement V., at the invitation of the king  
of France, removed the Papal See from Rome  
to Avignon, leaving the Vatican in obscurity  
for seventy years. The Vatican became once  
more the Papal residence in 1376, when it  
was enlarged. Its famous library was com-  
menced 400 years ago. It now contains 40,-  
000 MSS. among which are some of Pliny, St.  
Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac  
and Armenian bibles. The Vatican is also the  
repository of a vast number of the rarest  
paintings, statues, curious medals and anti-  
quities of every kind. Upwards of 70,000 sta-  
tues have been exhumed from the Temples  
and Palaces of Rome, a great portion of which  
are in the Vatican.—*Balt. Paper.*

## A Good Example.

A Judge at one of the Courts in Europe,  
being ten minutes past his time, fined himself  
half a guinea, which he handed over to the  
Sheriff.

A newspaper Editor fancied he was a para-  
graph—and he lay in bed debating whether he  
should rise altogether, or sentence by sen-  
tence.

"I say, Mr. Impudence, what are you doing  
with your hand in my pocket?" "I axes your  
pardon, master, but in this here cold vether,  
von scarcely knows vere von puts von's  
'and."



## THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair

## W. L. PALMER

Is our agent; Office between the West doors of the Syracuse House, No. 2, Salina St.

The Proprietor, or one of the Editors, may usually be found at their private office,

Corner of Warren and Fayette Sts., over O. S. Sumner's Store, and opposite the Episcopal (St. Paul's) Church.

## MR. STEPHEN BROWN

Is an Agent for this city.

## 50 Agents Wanted,

TO CANVASS FOR

## THE LITERARY UNION,

To whom a liberal commission will be given; or a salary, on being assured of their fitness for the business.

## To Correspondents.

'Songs of Hope,' No. I., is necessarily deferred till next week. We have received No. III.—but not No. II.

D. W. B. All right. Come.

'The Stolen Gobbler' is not fitted for our purpose. Will the author direct us how to dispose of the manuscript?

## A LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Our remarks, a short time since, on the subject of a Young Men's Association, have elicited comments and inquiries from which we augur favor to the enterprise. We have also received the following communication, from a gentleman who has been connected with such organizations in other cities, and has had abundant opportunity of witnessing their useful results.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 1, 1849.

Messrs. WINCHELL AND JOHNOT:

The writer saw, in your valuable paper a few weeks since, a suggestion that struck his mind quite favorably; viz:—the establishment of a Young Men's Literary Association, and hoped to see it meet with a hearty response—but he has been disappointed in this respect.

Surely the young men of Syracuse are not so blind to their own true interests, as to be unable to perceive that such an institution would conduce in an eminent degree, to their moral and intellectual improvement. And I would suggest that a meeting be called as soon after the State Fair as possible, to see who will move, and what can be done in this matter.

By the way, I see in your journal of this week, a piece, the authorship of which is credited to our Quaker Poet, J. G. Whittier. Is not N. P. Willis its author? I think I have seen it in a volume of his Poems.

Yours, very respectfully,

TYRO.

The suggestion of our correspondent is a good one, and we trust that it will meet with favor;—not that negative approval which kills by commendation alone, but the active and hearty co-operation of men thoroughly determined to sustain a good movement. Let all who realize the importance of SELF CULTURE, or feel an interest in the elevating influences of a pure literature, think and act, and the thing will be done.

The error hinted at in his last paragraph, we are glad to have noticed. It originated in the exchange

paper from which we copied. The original, with one or two differences, is given in Willis' Poems, under the title of 'A Chamber Scene.'

## HUNGARIAN MEETINGS.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land, sympathy meetings are being held in behalf of the noble Magyars. Every post brings us intelligence of monster gatherings where the enthusiasm of a free people bursts forth in encouragement of the heroic patriotism now drawing the eyes of the world to the plains of Hungary.

This is noble, provided the enthusiasm reaches to the pocket. That of the lungs is worth something; a west wind may waft it to ears famishing for such music. But little effect will it have in changing the purposes of the Viennese cabinet, or hurling back the masses of the Autocrat from a soil polluted by their tread. What the Hungarians need, is *men* and *money*.

We really hope our government, too, will echo the wish of the people in this matter, and not stultify themselves in the eyes of all Europe, by hesitating to recognize a government three hundred years old, in its attempt to defend its constitution and soil. We are surely not ambitious of the honor of following in the wake of France, and taking our position in regard to Freedom, by the side of the oligarchy of Louis Napoleon.

And by the way, we have noticed in sundry partisan journals, ebullitions of spleen which ill become the principles they profess. An ultra anti-slavery paper sneers at the Hungarian demonstrations, because its own hobby is not the object. Mole-eyed vision! not to see that every individual triumph of the divine principle, is a blow at *all* oppression.—With Europe *free*, how long could the fetter cling to the limb of the southern slave? And what a nursery of Freedom in Europe were this noble Hungary, could it but triumph *now*!

When the Fair—which seems to have turned every body's head,—is over, we hope Syracuse will give a 'demonstration' worthy the 'Central City.'

## THE STATE FAIR.

Before another No. of our paper is published, this great occasion will have passed, and the community relapsed again into their ordinary pursuits.

The preparations have been such as cannot fail to render the Fair one of unusual interest—perhaps greater than that of any of its predecessors. The *prestige* of so many great names has created a wonderful enthusiasm, and the officers have been stimulated to efforts worthy the distinguished guests whom they expect.

Nor shall we lack for amusements aside from the Fair itself. Mrs. Butler is to read Shakspeare at Brentnall's Hall, on the evenings of the 10th, 11th, and 12th, and on the last night, a grand *Floral Ball*, under the accomplished direction of Wm. B. Smith, will crown the *fete*. We are, besides, to have the Campbell Minstrels in Malcolm Hall, and Rice's Circus, for those who wish such amusements.

As all the rooms at the principal Hotels have been long engaged, we counsel those who wish to eat and sleep, to be on the alert.

## Editorial Convention.

This is to take place on the 19th inst., at noon. The object is discussion of the various postage regulations which affect the corps, with a view to reform. Among these, the law lately passed and since abolished, giving papers a free circulation within a circle of thirty miles from the place of publication, seems to hold a prominent place.

## GEN. TAYLOR'S SPEECHES.

The opposition press, whose business it seems to be to abuse every thing connected with the administration, 'right or wrong,' are endeavoring to cast ridicule on the President because he cannot tickle, with a flowery oration, the ears of every crowd who assemble to stare at him. It may be a necessary requisite in a President to be able to excel in the rhetorical flourish of the day; but we do not believe it. What we want is a man who can do. We have too many men, already, high in office, who are skilled in the art of words, without possessing either the moral or intellectual qualities necessary for their station; who make a smooth tongue answer the place of a clear head, and can, at any time, gloss over iniquitous acts with the clap-trap of demagogism. We need men who can *do*; and if Gen. Taylor (for or against whom we entertain no prejudice) shall prove himself such an one, the close of his administration will bring no regrets that he did not waste the time of some thousands of men, women, and children, during his tour, by the unmeaning sophistries of a politician's harangue.

## MUSICAL CONVENTION.

We learn with great pleasure, that arrangements have been made with Messrs. LOWELL MASON and GEO. J. WEBB, of Boston, to attend a Musical Convention, at Syracuse, to commence on Friday, the 28th inst.

The object of this Convention, is the general improvement of Church Music; and under the able direction of these eminent teachers, it can not fail to interest and improve.

The price of tickets, each admitting a gentleman and two ladies, has been fixed at the low rate of \$1.00; thus removing all pecuniary difficulties in attending. These can be procured at the Music Store of Allen & Hough.

The Convention will probably continue till Wednesday, Oct. 3d. We hope to see a large attendance.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

## The Gas Works.

These are in a style of elegance and durability highly creditable to the city. They have been prosecuted with great energy, and will be completed during the present week.

## Brentnall

Is remodeling the Farmer's Exchange. With the additions, it must, when complete, be one of the most commodious Hotels in the city.

## The Cholera

Still selects an occasional victim—just frequently enough to warn us against the infringement of natural laws. Syracuse, on the whole, was probably never more healthy. The fear of contagion is idle.

## The Man in the White Hat

Arrived in Town on Tuesday. He proved to be the noted Yankee Sullivan, of prize fighting propensities. He stopped at the Syracuse House. Tom Hyer is expected.

## The Mayor

Has called upon the citizens generally to open their houses for the accommodation of guests during the Fair.

## Will be here.

Vice-President Fillmore, Ex-Gov. Marey, Gen. Wool and Gen. VanRensselaer, have accepted the invitation to be present at the Fair. Gen. Cass cannot attend. Gen. Taylor will not.



## Correspondence.

## JOURNAL OF A GOLD SEEKER.\*

Thursday, 22d March.—Lat. 16° 10, long. 28° 34. We are now fairly in the trade winds, which we first experienced on the 18th. They are blowing with a degree of strength which the sailors say they have seldom witnessed, and the spirits of our company seem to rise with the propitious gales, and to display their overflowings in various ways. The light of day brings with it every variety of employment, useful or otherwise, while the shades of night are accompanied with the swell of music and the giddy dance.

23d.—A most beautiful sight presented itself this morning in the shape of a Nautilus, the largest we have seen since leaving port. Its sails were of a pearly white, fringed with a brilliant red, and as it glided past our bark in the bright sunlight, we beheld one of the richest specimens of animated nature that our eyes ever gazed upon.

24th.—Had a good sea bath this morning which seemed like a renewal of life. Some of the company took it upon themselves to bathe their clothes, and a most comical time they had of it too. Applying salt water soap to their garments, they attempted in vain to wash it out; soon a shower of rain came on, and they tried the common soap, hoping to get out of the dilemma into which their ignorance had brought them. But alas! this was only going from bad to worse, as did the fish that jumped from the frying pan! This heterogeneous compounds of soaps, sea and rain water formed a beautiful coating for their clothes, similar to tar, and many of the poor victims in despair threw them overboard, while others of more nerve went at it again in the true spirit of Crockett, and accomplished the desired object. But this was a profitable lesson to the boys, as they are doubtless satisfied that amalgamation does not work well in all cases.

28th.—Lat. 2° 32 south, long. 24 W. This is the first time most of us were ever south of the equator. To-day the sun is about 15 minutes to the north of us. It is calm, and squally by turns. Heavy squalls of rain and wind coming up quickly, compel us to take in sail with "hot haste;" and then passing away again, we are consoled by the flattering prospect of another calm. One of the company has caught a fish called the Skipjack, weighing about 15 pounds. After breakfast we had him cooked for a treat. He was dry, but rather good—the first fish caught on board since leaving New York—length about 2 1-2 feet, color of a blackish cast.

29th.—Arose at 2 o'clock. The air in the cabin was so foul I could not endure it, and I went on deck. I found the first mate sitting against the main hatch, and snoring most lustily. After conversing some time with one of my comrades, I took a seat upon the booby hatch. Towards 4 o'clock the first mate stopped snoring, got up, and coming to me commenced a dissertation on the great care and responsibility devolving upon him while on watch during the night, and ended by saying he never allowed himself to sleep while on duty! I of course did not dispute him or tell him what I had seen and heard.

April 4th.—Last night as the sun went down, the wind came, driving the clouds from three different directions toward the zenith. It was a startling sight to behold these three dark massive clouds, all centering in the sky above us, and coming angrily in collision like the shock of contending arm-

ies—the stronger prevailing against the weaker, and driving them before it, while the horizon, at the same time, filled with threatening heaps, seemed to be urging forward reinforcements to the scene of elemental strife. But before this display had passed away, there arose a cry of 'they come! they come!' and far in the dim distance was seen the dashing and boiling of the waters as they were put in commotion by a tremendous army of porpoises. It always creates a great excitement to raise the cry of 'porpoise' among us. They move very rapidly through the water, and can only be caught by spearing. We have caught none, but have wounded two. When one of these creatures is wounded his companions all take after him, apparently maddened by the sight of blood; but what the result of the chase is, I have no means of determining. Among our own species, when any are overtaken by misfortune, instead of meeting with sympathy from their brethren, we frequently see them receive additional wounds as if to accelerate their progress to ruin. Whether these sea monsters have advanced as far in civilization as to imitate the lords of creation in this respect, I have not yet discovered. Perhaps future developments may give some light upon this subject. As these inhabitants of the vasty deep neared us, the scene grew more exciting, till its splendor, as this huge mass of life passed by us, is far beyond my powers of description. They passed, amid the loud shouts of our company, and gave us a grand specimen of 'high and lofty tumbling.' The captain says that it is a sure sign of wind, from the direction toward which these masses move, and his sign proves true in this case, for a good breeze has sprung up and we are once more, after a fatiguing calm of several days, making some headway to the land of our dreams and high hopes.

## Educational.

## Letter from a Young Mother.

A friend of ours, in this city, has sent us an extract of a letter from a young mother who has an only child, and who feels deeply, and expresses beautifully and eloquently the high responsibilities resting upon her. These sentiments are eminently worthy of the perusal and the reflection of other parents.—*Louisville Journal*.

My boy is growing so fast, and getting so big, being now nearly six years old, that it frightens me to think how the years are passing. He quotes the sayings of large boys, and indeed, of men; imparts information with an air of importance, and he wants his clothes made like his father's. Here is a budding mind given to my care, which promises capacity for any thing. Shall it grow a giant strength, to work evil? or shall it be hid in a napkin and buried in the earth? I am awed with the responsibility that rests upon me! How shall I answer in the Great Day, for that which has been committed to my keeping?

It does not require the gift of divination to foresee that my beloved boy, if life be continued to that portion of time usually allotted to man, is to live in an age of great, wonderful events.

Time, who, in former days waved his sluggish wings for ages over the dull ocean of life, seems to have awakened with a potent and renewed energy—what has heretofore been the work of centuries, is now accomplished in years! The wayworn traveler quickens his step, when he beholds the light gleaming from his haven of rest. The steed, wearied with his long journey, increases his speed, as he approaches his well known home. And is Time

near his goal, that thus he rushes on, with impatient and hurried pinions?

He, who sent him on his ceaseless rounds only knows.

This world is soon to witness a great revolution—not to be brought about by the effusions of blood or the presence of desolation, but in peace. The pen shall go forth, like the "slayer of him that sat on the pale horse," to conquer the sword, and the spirit of war shall die! Not far before me, in the future, I see a mighty conclave, assembling from all portions of the earth, to decide on the rights of nations—not bauble-crowned kings, like those who meet as robbers, seeking their prey, to arbitrate the destiny of Poland, but men, crowned with the glory of wisdom and justice—their uncovered locks silvered with years, and their faces beaming with benevolence—the just judges of the mighty court of nations!

My child may see the august assemblage—and then may come a dismemberment of our Union! Not with dissensions and strifes, but in peace. The boundaries of our mighty confederation may be too extensive for the government to radiate, with equal advantage and benefit, to the more distant portions; and, like children of one great family, who have greatly increased in number, and are too numerous to find room under the paternal roof, they may shake hands and part with brotherly affection—and should these events occur—(o, how I desire they never may,—but should they occur)—my boy may see them all—shall be one of the vast machines, the multitude, to be wielded by master minds—or is he born to direct? Shall he look out from the depths, as some bright star rises on the horizon, and, with innate consciousness of talents, undeveloped and unimproved, sigh—"I might have thus"—or shall he too shine in the galaxy of the great men of his age?

Ah! if strength and wisdom are given me from above to direct his young mind aright, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain. ELIZABETH.

## Scotland and her Schools.

The basis of liberty, good character, and happiness, is good education. By the following facts we discover whence Scotland's glory rose:

In Dr. McCrie's Life of Melville, there is a report of the visitation of parishes in the diocese of St. Andrew's, to this effect, in 1611 and 1612, as follows:—That the parishes which had schools were more than double in number to those which had none. Where they were wanting, the visitors ordered them to be set up; and where the provision for the matter was inadequate, they made arrangements for remedying the evil. This was the principle on which Scotland long acted; and by the moral machinery of pastors, schoolmasters, elders, deacons, and catechists, this country, which in the 15th and 16th centuries was the most barbarous and bigoted of European nations, and the devoted slave of papacy, and whose priesthood held two thirds of the landed property of the kingdom, became in the 17th and 18th centuries the most thoroughly reformed and best educated nation in Europe.

In 1645, when the Presbyterians had fully regained the ascendancy, the Scottish parliament passed an act requiring every parish to have a schoolmaster, and ordering that if in any case heritors or landholders neglected raising means for his support, the presbytery should nominate twelve men to make the assessment upon their property. Indeed, strange as it may appear, the period between 1638 and 1660 seems almost entitled to be called the golden age of popular education in Scot-



land. In the universal diffusion of religious instruction, it was decidedly so. For, says Kirkton, a very respectable historian of the times, every parish had a minister, every village a school, and almost every family had a bible—yea, in most of the country all the children of age could read, and were provided with bibles, either by the minister or their parents.

I have lived many years in a parish where I never heard an oath; and you would not for a great part of the country, have lodged in a family where the Lord was not worshiped by reading, singing, and prayer. Nobody complained more of our church government than our taverners, whose ordinary complaint was that their trade was ruinous, people were so sober.

It was thus, by planting the school by the side of the kirk, that the reformed clergy raised the people of Scotland from feudal bondage and spiritual thralldom.

#### Gen. Taylor on Education.

Passing a small but busy-looking brick school-house of rather humble pretensions, the President remarked that there were the true elements of national strength and prosperity, more formidable and effectual against the encroachment of anarchists and tyrants than all the cannon of Marengo or the soldiers of Waterloo. Education, he said, is the bulwark of Liberty, and country school-houses the arsenals from which Freedom must ever draw her supplies—sentiments worthy of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, or any other American patriot!

#### Owego Academy.

We have received a Circular of this Institution, from which it seems in a very flourishing condition. It is under the charge of Messrs. Smyth and Coburn, assisted by Misses Chichester and Catlin, and Mr. Hopkins. Several of these persons are known to us, by reputation to be well fitted for their stations; with Mr. Coburn, President of the N. Y. State Teachers' Association, we are personally acquainted, and have the highest opinion of his worth as a teacher and a man.

—The location of Owego is delightful, and parents can send their children with entire confidence in its fitness as a residence.

The Western times (Eng.) observes of the Devon Assizes: "We may show the connection of ignorance and crime by stating that of the whole number tried, not one had a superior education, not one even could read and write well, 25 could read or write imperfectly, whilst 33 could neither read nor write."

### Political.

No Neutrality—no Partisanship.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

#### The Annexation of Canada.

The Canadians no longer affect to conceal their disaffection to the home government, and their preference for a union with the United States. The leading papers of all political denominations admit that the subject of disunion with England must and ought to be discussed, and their columns are filled with communications designed to show how the social and material interests of the provinces would be advanced by the separation. In another column will be found extracts from the Montreal Gazette and Herald, which will surprise those who remember the tone hitherto held towards this country by both those journals.—*Quaker City*

The separation is openly discussed in the British Parliament, and has been advocated by some of its leading statesmen, while the ministry are understood to have left it with the Canadians to select the flag to which they prefer to owe allegiance.

We mentioned, a few weeks since, that a paper had been projected in Montreal, the *speciality* of which was to be, to advocate the independence of the Canadas. The prospectus of that paper has been published in the Montreal Courier. It is based on a liberal capital, and has already created a great sensation throughout the provinces. No doubt is entertained that it will at once have a circulation exceeding that of any other Canadian journal. Between the open advocacy of such an organ and the indirect advocacy of the Montreal Courier and Montreal Herald, and the disaffecting course of treatment adopted towards these provinces by the home government, the people of Canada are rapidly becoming prepared to embrace proposals which they formerly deemed it treason to discuss.

The advantages of a union with this country are so palpable, that the moment they are discussed and understood, the temptation to enjoy them will become irresistible. That discussion has now commenced, and there is no good reason for supposing it will cease until the annexation is consummated.

The Montreal Herald, one of the ablest of the tory provincial journals, has a strong article in favor of a separation from England and annexation to the United States. It says:—

"All this cannot be denied; nor is it less true that a large majority in this country regard the promotion of their material interests as identical with the speedy progress of annexation to the United States. This measure, they say, would give the Americans the free use of our river, so that our wharves would be crowded with their craft; while it would, at the same time, afford our ship-owners reciprocal advantages in American waters, without the delay, and conditions, and uncertainty of long drawn out diplomacy and nicely balanced treaties, made on our side by negotiators from Great Britain, unacquainted with the geography of the country or the trade of the people.

"This measure would give an interest in our undertakings to American capitalists, who may see and judge for themselves at the end of a two days' voyage from the principal seats of monetary operations, and so release us from a weary attendance upon British speculators, ignorant of our resources and incredulous as to our good faith. It would increase the facilities and the objects of that trade with the far west, which is just opening; it would secure to us permanently all the good hoped from the reciprocity laws, which we have vainly attempted to obtain from the Congress at Washington; it would reconcile the conflicting notions of the free traders and the protectionists, since it would remove the barriers to our commerce with our neighbors, while it would afford to our manufacturers the benefit of a protective tariff. It would, in short, people our cities; convert our water-falls into motive powers; and equalize the prices of land, now nearly 100 per cent. higher in latitude 45 deg. 1 min. south, than in 45 deg. 1 min. north.

"Thus, whether rightly or wrongly, it is incontestable that the great majority of those among us who think independently, are looking forward to annexation as the relief from many of our political difficulties and the high road to prosperity. Men who have differed most widely, and who perhaps will continue to differ on all other questions, even after annexation shall have taken place, agree at this moment in desiring annexation as the most ad-

vantageous movement that we cannot adopt. But while the feeling for annexation is strong, there is as strong a desire that nothing should be done by violence; and that if England will cast off her children, they may yet never be found in arms against her. Hence the importance of the question: Will the British government oppose annexation?

Let due time be given for consideration; let the question be approached in the right spirit, and we believe she will not oppose it. The whole current of opinion among England's most influential statesmen is evidently tending towards that point, when they will bid adieu to the colonies, with wishes for their prosperity, and hopes for continued friendship between the two countries—nominally separated—perhaps, to be still more closely allied by good offices and commercial intercourse. But it is not only on the opinions of her statesmen that we found our views of the course which Great Britain would take, if our independence were formally demanded. The whole course of our political and commercial relations with the mother country must go to show that Canada is virtually independent, and might be more flourishing herself, and therefore more profitable to Great Britain, if she were separated."

The Hunkers of both the old parties are mutually striving to see which will out do the other, in their base subserviency to the slave power, and both of them under the pretence of opposition to slavery. *Non-intervention* is the policy of both—with one of them under the pretence that we have no constitutional power, and with the other under that of there being no necessity for it. It is true that the people were more aroused to the importance of this question, for, to our apprehension, the danger of the success of the attempt to establish slavery, permanently, in California and New Mexico, never before appeared so great as at the present time. We intend to speak more fully on this subject.—*Spy*.

#### Benton and Calhoun.

"It is an old story," says Theodore Parker—"it may be a fable—that when scorpions are surrounded by a circle of fire, they will turn to and fight among themselves. Then it is that fang enters fang, poison meets poison. Thus it is with Benton and Calhoun, the two chief scorpions. The fire of Abolitionism has surrounded them, and they have met fang to fang, poison to poison.

The Maine Legislature has passed a Homestead Exemption Bill. It exempts real estate to the value of five hundred dollars, and if a debtor is not the owner of real estate to that value, then five hundred dollars worth of personal property to be by him selected in addition to the specific exemptions already provided for. The change is not to effect existing debts. The Bill has been signed by the Governor, and is now a law.

#### Political Parties.

Political parties are the best things in the world to turn the attention of the people from the true objects of their welfare. It is much easier to allow a Convention to think for you, than to think for yourself. A gunner on the Chesapeake, pins a bit of red flannel to a log, ties a string to the log, and pulls the string. The wild geese follow the flannel until they come within range of the gunner's shot. Let the politician take the place of the gunner, the people the place of the wild geese, and then let the red flannel symbolize the last political war-cry, and you will have some idea of the game of politics.



## Literary.

## NOTICES.

THE LITTLE SPEAKER AND JUVENILE READER.  
By Charles Northern, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This is a small selection of pieces for reading and speaking, compiled by one of the best teachers in New England. The character of his 'American Speaker' and other works, is a sufficient proof of his knowledge of the wants of pupils. We recommend the 'Little Speaker' as containing articles well adapted to children's taste, and entirely pure in their influences.

For sale by L. W. Hall.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS. Cambridge: George Nichols.

We are indebted to the Publisher for a copy of this work, than which a more racy and readable cannot be found. Its author, JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL, is well known for his powers of poetry and satire, and these papers are perhaps the most pungent he has ever written.

For sale at the Bookstores.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL; a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. Boston: Jas. Munroe & Co.

This is a very handsome re-publication of a popular English book, discussing topics most generally interesting, in an able and pleasing style. We are so pleased with it that we have marked several passages for publication. As a specimen, we give three sentences, at the commencement of an essay 'On the Art of Living with Others.'

—'The Iliad for war; the Odyssey for wandering; but where is the great domestic epic? Yet it is but commonplace to say that passions may rage round a tea-table which would not have misbecome men dashing at one another in war chariots; and evolutions of patience and temper are performed at the fireside, worthy to be compared to the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Men have worshipped some fantastic being for living alone in a wilderness; but social martyrdoms place no names upon the calendar.'

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The September No. is received, though not in time to admit of perusal before noticing.

Of the general character of this work, we have had occasion to speak before. Our opinion has been, and is, that it is decidedly the *best* Review in America. Indeed, under the management of THEODORE PARKER, how could it be otherwise?

This No. completes the second volume. The next will be issued in December. We advise all who can afford it (and who can not?) to not only subscribe, but also order the first and second volumes, and thus possess the work complete. Printed, as it is, in the finest style, it makes, when bound, an elegant book for the library.

The contents of this No. are as follows:—

1. The Methodology of Mesmerism; 2. The Poetry of Keats; 3. Pritchard's Natural History; 4. Prescott's Conquest of Mexico; 5. Angelus Lilesius; 6. Recent Defenses of Slavery; 7. Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture; 8. Short Reviews and Notices.

Boston: Coolidge and Wiley, 12, Water Street, \$3.00 a year.

THE SCALPEL, for August.

One of the best things of the season; combining

science with simplicity, and benevolence with wit. Several of the articles are of the most useful character; No. XXXIV., particularly, should be read by every woman in the land.

It is edited and published by E. H. Dixon, M. D., N. Y. city, at \$1.00 a year.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN, for July and August. Cincinnati: \$2.00 a year.

We have before noticed this unique production, and have since had no reason to change our opinion. We regard it as being one of the most original and suggestive works within our acquaintance.

The contents of this No. are:—1. Anatomy of the brain; 2. Mesmerism in India; 3. Animal Magnetism; 4. Impressibility; 5. Researches in Organic Chemistry; besides several short articles.

N. Y. ECLECTIC MEDICAL JOURNAL, for August.

Since our notice of the first No. of this Journal, we have learned more of its general objects. The Eclectic system of Medicine is a reform of the old practice—combining its science and research with the improvements of later years. Learnedly as Physicians may talk, and bitterly as they may sneer at what they call *quackery*, they cannot arrest the march of science. It has been proverbial of the Faculty, that every thing *new* has always met with their violent opposition; witness the persecution endured by the first advocates of many of the *now acknowledged* improvements of their system.

From what we have seen of Eclecticism, we believe its theory and spirit to be good; and the Journal bids fair to become its worthy organ. In the No. before us, the conductors have commenced a series of illustrations which will make it invaluable, and which indicate in them a spirit of intelligence and enterprise, that will not be satisfied with mediocrity.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 277,

Contents:—Austria and Hungary; Macaulay's History of England; Pestalozziana; A Lady who has seen the World; Our Foreign Policy (from the *Spectator*); France, Italy and the Czar; and Poetry and short articles.

For sale at Palmer's.

## News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

## FOREIGN.

## By the Steamer Caledonia.

## England.

Loud complaints are made of dull times for news. The prospect of harvest is very encouraging.

Lord Palmerston is winning favor by his speech in Parliament, manifesting sympathy with the Hungarians.

## Ireland.

The recent rains have damaged the crops to considerable extent. Signs of the potato-rot begin to appear.

The Queen has finished her visit and passed over to Scotland. The enthusiasm, upon the whole, has been astonishingly great for a people so mis-used as the Irish.

## France.

The Assembly has finally adjourned to the 1st of Oct. At the last sitting but one, a row of the most disgraceful character occurred. M. Pierre Bonaparte, upon being termed an imbecile, by an

aged member, M. Gastier, struck the latter in the face. The parties were ordered into custody, and M. Pierre Bonaparte will be tried by the civil law.

The President has returned to Paris from his visit to Rouen and Havre. At the latter place, he was attacked by a Choleraic illness, from which he has recovered.

Paris has at last been relieved from martial law.

The rumors of a change of Ministry, grow stronger. It was thought that Odillon Barrot and Dufaure would retire.

The Archbishop of Paris has addressed a letter to the Foreign Minister, urging the necessity of a French and English intervention in behalf of Venice, against the severe conditions demanded by Austria.

The trials of the Marseilles Rioters, have been held. Out of 150, 57 have been found guilty, and various sentences, from transportation to imprisonment, been pronounced; the remainder have been acquitted.

The Government has authorized Mr. Jacob Brett, to establish on the coast, a sub-marine electric telegraph between Calais and Boulogne, which will cross the channel to Dover. Thus, Paris and London will be in almost instantaneous communication.

Lamartine's *Homestead* is at last to be sold to pay off certain pressing debts.

M. Lavery, author of a song considered seditious, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment and 300 francs fine.

The Public Press continues to be narrowly watched by Government.

A demonstration by the Legitimists, in favor of Henry V., is expected to come off at Ems.

Gossip in high life makes Lamartine insane.—The report is scarcely creditable.

## Italy.

Great dissatisfaction exists among the French troops in Rome, at not being permitted to return to their families. Gen. Oudinot has returned, and they deem it an act of great injustice to be detained after the professed object of the expedition is attained.

Venice still holds out.

There are a variety of reports relative to Garibaldi. It seems certain that he put to sea at Cesenatico, with his wife and most faithful followers, and, after falling in with the Austrian fleet, succeeding in escaping to land, where they were pursued.—The energy and heroism of his wife is wonderful. The last rumor makes them successful in reaching Venice.

The French have failed to make any terms with the Pope. The old order of things is to be established, with all its odious features.

The peace between Sardinia and Austria, liberates the troops of the latter for the Hungarian war.

## Hungary.

The first telegraphic dispatches were unfavorable to the Magyars. But the arrival of the mails places a different aspect on matters.

There has been a long and severe engagement between Gorgey and the Imperialists, the result of which is not fully known. It was first reported through Austrian sources, that Gorgey had been terribly defeated; later accounts, however, seem to give him a victory over Teheodajeff. And then Paskiewitch and Dembinski have had a severe encounter, of the result of which nothing is known except that Count Orloff was dispatched to Vienna, and his dispatches not made public—a pretty good evidence of defeat for Paskiewitch.

Raab was certainly taken by Anlich and Klapka, and vast stores of supplies captured. They thus were enabled to threaten Pesth, and its actual oc-



cupation by them, was rumored in Vienna. The communication between these two cities, at all events, was cut off, and so great was the apprehension at the latter, that troops to protect it were requested of Bavaria. Rumor adds, that 55,000 troops are to be sent. Prince Schwarzenbergh, the Austrian Prime Minister, had left for Warsaw to meet the Czar; it was supposed to ask for more assistance,—which the latter, it is again suspected, is disinclined to grant, through the counsel of the French Minister, Lamoriciere.

But in Transylvania, matters look worse. If we are to believe the reports, Luders had defeated Bem, very badly; destroying his traveling carriage containing important papers. But Bem is more in the habit of thrashing than being thrashed, and often does the former just after report has done the other. Another mail will tell us.

Upon the whole then, matters look well. The Magyar successes, according to this account, exceed their losses; for even if Bem is defeated, it is in the unconquerable Czekler region. And if Haynau has succeeded in joining the Ban, they seem to be unable to effect much, cut off as we think they must be, from supplies.

In addition still, Austria is said to be *willing to treat*. At all events, the season for its operations is mostly over;—the annual rains will soon convert the region occupied by Paskiewitch and his immediate allies, into a swamp where they cannot exist.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Caledonia brings news of the death of Henry Colman, the eminent agricultural writer.

Miss Cushman, the celebrated American actress, came out in the steamer. She intends to return to England to reside.

The President, after a serious illness at Erie, proceeded on his way, by Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

The Cholera is creating a good deal of excitement at Boston and Lowell, where the attacks are remarkably sudden and fatal. The Operatives, at Lowell, are said to be leaving in large numbers for home.

Rey, the abducted Spaniard, has been allowed to return to N. Orleans, and is held to bail to appear at the trial of the Spanish Consul. It is said that he considers his life in danger, and, at his own request, has been placed in prison.

The tenants on the Van Rensselaer estate are again beginning to resist the collection of rent.

#### EXTRACTS.

**THE PRESENT ASPECT.**—(From the *London Times*.)—Within the last month the aspect of the campaign and the relative positions of the armies have entirely changed, but the possession of the country has been nearly equally disputed, and it is evident that the relative forces of the two parties are not such as to lead to a speedy termination of the war. The Hungarians have everywhere avoided a pitched battle by a series of skilful and rapid maneuvers. No general action has been fought since the commencement of the war, unless the last engagement with the Russians deserves that name; but wherever they have been able suddenly to concentrate a superior force they have fallen with great vehemence on divisions of the Imperial army; and they have shown even greater ability in extricating themselves from positions of difficulty. The affair at Raab was of this nature. The garrison of Comorn made a vigorous sally across the Danube, and crushed the inferior corps of Gen. Czorico, to which the defense of a vast convoy stores had been

confided. In addition to the loss of the supplies, which must be of the utmost importance to the army, the communication from Vienna to Pesth is once more intercepted, and the right bank of the Danube partially occupied in the rear of the Austrian armies. But the forces under Klapka and Aulich cannot be very considerable; they are still kept in check by a Russian division in the north; and since the conclusion of the peace with the Sardinians, re-inforcements are arriving at Vienna from the army in Italy.

The principal interest of the campaign seems at this moment to lie between the armies of Gorgey and Paskiewitch on the upper Theiss, and between those of the Polish and Magyar commanders who are opposed by Haynau and Jellachich on the Lower Theiss and the Danube. We have already on a former occasion noticed the operations and retreat of Gorgey at Waitzen, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of July, as one of the most energetic and successful moves of the war, for it defeated the first strategical combination of the Imperial armies, broke their line, and placed a formidable enemy in the rear of the Russians. Gorgey threw himself into the mining towns of the north, and subsequently advanced to Miskolez; but as Paskiewitch occupied Debreczin, and as General Osten-Sacken is advancing from the north with the Russian reserve, Gorgey was still between these two armies, and it now appears certain that a considerable action has been fought on or near the Upper Theiss. Rumors have arrived that such an action has been fought with fatal consequences to the main Russian army; but whatever the result of such an engagement may have been, it must be promptly followed by the most important consequences. The result, as far as it is known from the imperfect statements which have reached us, would appear to have been the retreat of the Russians to the left bank of the Theiss, with the loss of their baggage, after an unsuccessful attempt to destroy Gorgey's army on the north-west bank of that stream.

In the meanwhile the advance of Haynau to the South has weakened the positions of the Austrians in the West, but it was absolutely necessary to relieve Jellachich, who had been driven to the extremity of the promontory formed by the Theiss and the Danube. The Ban seems, however, to have maintained that position without further loss from the 18th of July to the 3d of August, and on the latter day Haynau who had entered Szegedin on the 2d was attacking the rear of the Hungarian army in the Bacs country. Guyon had withdrawn probably in the direction of Temesvar; the Magyar Government had transported itself to Grosswarden; and we may assume that Haynau and Jellachich would at least effect the junction of their forces. So far the last operations of the Imperialists in the South have not been successful; but if Paskiewitch has been defeated in the North their position will again become critical, for Haynau would be surrounded on every side north of the Danube. Such a result we still think improbable, but it must be confessed that almost every incident in this war has been marked by great improbability. The strength and efficiency of the Russian army in the field seems to have been greatly overrated, and the keen eye of General Lamoriciere will probably rest with surprise on the movements of the Imperial commanders. On the other hand, the young Hungarian officers, educated in the Austrian school, but emancipated from Austrian routine, have shown first rate talents, and have been supported with indomitable spirit by the nation. These are not men, this is not a people which an Austrian statesman can afford to treat with harshness, injustice, or con-

tempt. In spite of the violent measures of Kossuth and his Assembly, there is still reason to believe that the leaders of the Magyar army are not disinclined to renew their allegiance upon honorable and Constitutional terms, and nothing would more become the young Emperor of Austria than if he was even now to act upon a generous impulse, to repudiate his pernicious counsellors, and to grant clemency, freedom, and peace, to all his subjects; for this war is scarcely less oppressive and injurious to his hereditary dominions than to the kingdom of Hungary, and he is made to sacrifice one-half of his people in order to coerce the other.

**ROYAL QUARREL.**—The mother of the emperor, the Arch-Duchess Sophia, has left Vienna in consequence of the serious differences which have arisen between herself and her son on the subject of the Hungarian war. The Duchess, in a fit of passion, having slapped her son's face, and it is said that the dismissal of Swartzenberg is also resolved on. Should he be dismissed, the emperor will probably at once enter into negotiations with the Hungarians. Indeed, it is said that the Austrian Government has already determined to open negotiations with the Hungarians.

**THE LATEST.**—The *Kolnische Zeitung*, of Aug. 16, the latest date from Germany, says, that from the seat of war on the Theiss, there is nothing certain, nothing beyond an *on dit*. Dembinski is said to have gained a brilliant victory over Paskiewitch, and Gorgey over Sacken and Teheodacheff; even in Vienna, there is a report that the Hungarians have taken Pesth. On the other hand the news from Transylvania is decidedly favorable to the Austrians. The Northern corps under Grotenhelm and the Southern corps under Luders, have succeeded in forming a junction near Maros Vasarhely.

**FUNERAL OF MANARA.**—The body of Manara was yesterday brought to the door of St. Peter's, accompanied by a good number of Roman officers and soldiers. This morning, at the funeral ceremony, there was a considerable attendance of citizens and soldiers. All the audience was engaged in the most solemn devotion, when several French officers, and among them two colonels, entered to command the evacuation of the church. Soldiers and citizens obeyed in silence, and as they withdrew, could see the same French officers approaching the bier, and themselves extinguishing the candles which surrounded it.—*Condordia, Rome.*

We are informed by the *Paris Temps*, that the Polish refugees in France, galled by the restraints and supervision to which they are subjected, have formed the project of emigrating in a body to the United States, and establishing a colony to be called *Polish Fraternity*. 232 families have entered into the plan, and appointed a committee of arrangements. It is stated that most of the German political refugees in Switzerland, who are still more numerous, entertain a similar project.

**SIR ALLAN MACNAB.**—This well-known political agitator, returned from London on Friday last, in the Caledonia steamer to Boston.

**A HUNGARIAN ENVOY.**—A Hungarian Envoy to the United States is now in New York. Count Wass was accredited to Constantinople, Paris, and London, with instructions, after completing his special mission in those quarters, to proceed to this country, and ascertain the disposition of this Government. His interview with the Porte, and with Great Britain was quite satisfactory. *Louis Napoleon, however, disclaimed any knowledge of a Hungarian Republic.* Count Wass's interview with President Taylor, it is said, was so satisfactory, that he sent for his credentials, which will



probably arrive in the next steamer. When they arrive we cannot but believe that he will be officially received at once by our government.—*Philadelphia Post*.

**GREAT FIRE IN TURKEY.**—The last accounts from Europe, report a destructive fire on the 10th and 14th of July, in Serres, a city of some 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants, celebrated for its manufactures and for its trade in cotton, which is grown extensively in the vicinity. The fire raged for thirty seven hours, consuming every thing before it.—It is said that 3000 buildings, 15 churches, 2 mosques, 22 khans, and 10 schools, were destroyed.

### GLEANINGS.

☞ Vice-President Fillmore has visited the President at Erie, and will accompany him to the Fair at Syracuse.

☞ Ladies parade the streets of Cincinnati with guns on their shoulders, and shot-bags by their sides.

☞ A new patent stove for the convenience of travelers has just been invented. It is placed under the feet, and a mustard-plaster upon the head draws the heat through the whole system.

☞ It is said that Sir Charles Grey will succeed Lord Elgin as governor of Canada, and that Lord Sligo will succeed Sir Charles at Kingston.

☞ Sir Walter Scott said, forty years ago, that it was impossible for Canada to remain long apart from the United States.

☞ The first concert given by Madame Bishop in the city of Mexico, assisted by Signors Vatelina and Boehsa, brought her \$2,000.

☞ Mr. Preston, Secretary of the Navy, is to visit the North during the ensuing fall.

☞ The fall Session of Union College, will commence this year, on Friday, September 21st.

☞ The Managers of the American Bible Society, have a plan under contemplation of sending Bibles and colporteurs into Hungary.

☞ The Mexican Government has made an order against admitting American deserters into the army.

☞ James G. Birney has had the cholera, but is recovering.

☞ The Cholera still lingers along the Missouri, and is quite fatal.

☞ The small-pox is said to be raging in Halifax.

☞ Mr. Dempster is giving concerts in Vermont.

☞ Powers' Statuary still continues on exhibition at Horticultural Hall, Boston.

☞ It is stated that the expenses of the Board of Health of the city of New York, will reach \$100,000.

☞ **A BIG BUSINESS.**—The losses by burglaries in St. Louis for the first ten days of the present month, amount to \$1800.

☞ **THE CHASM TOWER.**—An observatory with the above name, has been erected at Niagara Falls, from which, with a glass, on a clear day, Toronto may be seen.

☞ **NEW ENGLISH COIN.**—Two-shilling pieces, called *florins*, are now coined at the English mint. A proclamation has been issued by the Queen, declaring them a lawful tender.

☞ Gov. Fish has gone, with his family, for a few days, to Sharon Springs.

☞ The population of Baltimore is estimated by the *American*, at 154,000.

☞ Gen. Houston has been quite sick, but is now convalescent.—*Houston (Texas) Presbyterian*.

## Our Exchange Miscellany.

### The Literary Union,

Is the name of a beautiful and well executed weekly, published in this city. We have had the pleasure of reading it about two months. Every number contains selections and original matter, well adapted to popular literary reading, highly entertaining and instructive. It is just what the public need, to elevate the standard of intellectual improvement. We really hope that the well-directed efforts of the publishers will be appreciated, and the paper extensively patronized.—*Eclectic Medical Journal*.

### Snob-ism.

Mrs. Swisshelm, in describing her visit to the President, thus characteristically discourses:

But we went chiefly to get to understand this new fashion the *ladies* have of kissing distinguished strangers. And it strikes us that it originated in ignorance. Most of the women there appeared as if they had never been at school—to be totally unconscious of the most common rules of good breeding. After all the seats in the parlor, we were in, were occupied, about one half with small children, a number of ladies came in, some elderly and not a move with two exceptions, was made by any *lady* to provide a seat, by holding a child or any thing else. When the President came, they all *sat still*; and he went round stooping to speak to them, much as one goes round market-stalls, peeping into baskets and buckets, of butter and eggs. The scene was oppressively ridiculous. Fine clothes are so much more easily obtained than fine manners, that one must often be disgusted with the rudeness of well dressed people; but we never before witnessed so grand a display of snob-ism.

A tremendous competition is going on between the *Metropolis* the *Inveterate*, and the *Literary American*, to see who can print the stupidest paper. At the last accounts they were neck and neck—the *Metropolis* a little a-head.—*Sunday Paper*.

The *Metropolis* very sagaciously managed to beat us in the race by copying three whole columns, entitled, 'Spirit of the Sunday Press.'—*Inveterate*.

To be called stupid by the gin-cocktail-tribe of the Sunday press, is one of the most gratifying compliments we have received in many days.—*Literary American*.

There's a small iceberg in each of the above paragraphs, partaking of sufficient coolness to calm the feelings and relieve the mind of each individual.—*Pathfinder*.

### Female Officers.

Among the most distinguished officers in the Hungarian army, is the Countess Joun Czaky, Colonel of the 13th Hussars, a lady of talents, charms and bravery. Her aid-de-camp is her sister, Miss Bujanovics, a very dashing and effective officer.—A strong force in the army is found in the *Czikos*. These are a kind of rangers who are trained to throw the cord, precisely like the South American *lasso*. Of these bold fellows under the command of General Klepka, the Austrians have a deep dread.

One of the chief causes of the unpopularity of Gen. Oudinot, is the arrest, at Rome, of Gustave Modena, the Garrick of Italy, who, it seems, has gained as much applause from his fellow citizens for his exploits on the great stage of life, as he did for his dramatic talents at the theater.

### Mrs. Partington Beat.

An old lady, who had been cooped up her life long in Kennebunk, having recently made, for the first time, a visit to Boston, gave the following account of her experience:—I went to Bosting in a demijohn—rode in an omnipatience—had a slick-able ride in a cab—saw the malesheous companies eout, and they had pullets on their shoulders, and the musicaners played on sattinets and beetles."—*State Signal*.

The difference between Bennett's *Herald* and Buntline's *Own*, is this: the former commenced its career by attacking and black-mailing decent people, while the latter, as a general rule, attacks only gamblers, prostitutes and scoundrels. And yet the executors of the law seem disposed to wink at the one, and to persecute the other. The one instigates a riot, and the other is accused of taking a part in it. Which merits the severer punishment of the two? We respectfully submit the question to the District Attorney, and His Honor the Mayor.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

### Brutal Homicide.

We learn that two men, named Alex. Moore and James Whitfield, of Franklin County, one day last week, tied and whipped to death a negro man belonging to W. E. Person, near Franklinton. The circumstances, as related to us, were exceedingly shocking, but we forbear detail.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Times*.

### Item.

There was a "mysterious knocking" at "our" house, on Friday night last. It proceeded, however, on discovery, from a superannuated and persevering rent man, in search of his last quarter's rent. Raps from such *practical* characters have more terror for us than any which could proceed from a more *spiritual* source.—*N. Y. Pathfinder*.

### Important Discovery.

There is hope yet for the bare faced and bald headed. A Mr. Wise, a Virginia farmer, has recently succeeded in covering with a fine growth of natural hair, the head of several gentlemen of Richmond, some of whom had been bald for many years. He causes the new hair to appear in from four to nine days.

Dow, Jr., in allusion to the exclusion of many would-be-church goers from the sanctuary, by reason of the high pew rents to our "fashionable churches," characteristically remarks—"The reason why a majority of you go to Beelzebub, is, because you can't afford to go to Heaven at the present exorbitant prices."

The light-fingered gentry now wear short coats, with pockets outside. Their hands, in a crowd, are always, to prevent suspicion, in their pockets, which, however, have a large hole in the bottom. Through this aperture, they manage to push their hands, and, in many cases, unperceived and undetected, contrive to make free with the contents of the pockets of those whom they have been standing next.—*Scott's Paper*.

A man undertook to shoot himself in Albany, some days since, with a horse pistol. Before he placed the dreadful instrument to his ear, he had the presence of mind to draw the charge, to which circumstance we may attribute his providential escape from an untimely death.—*Worcester Spy*.



**Removal.**

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Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

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Democratic Review, 3	" 25 monthly.
Graham's Magazine, 3	" 25 "
Godey's Lady's Book, 3	" 25 "
Blackwood's do., 3	" 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag. 3	" 25 "
Holden's Dollar do. 1	" 12½ "
Ladies' National do. 2	" 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath, 1	" 9 "
" Family Circle, 1	" 9 "
Merry's Museum, 1	" 9 "
N. Amer Review, 1	" 1,25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do. 3	" 75 "
Westminster do. 3	" 75 "
London do. 3	" 75 "
North British do. 3	" 75 "

**NEWSPAPERS.**

**NEW YORK CITY.**—Nation. Tribune. Scientific American. Organ. Spirit of the Times. Home Journal. Police Gazette. Literary World. New York Herald. Sunday Mercury. Ned Buntline's Own. Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

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**Choice Family Groceries,**

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure **WINE** and **LIQUORS**, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

**Watches, Jewelry, &c.,**

Wholesale and Retail.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand, a very extensive assortment of

**Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Ware, Spectacles, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.**

Being extensively engaged in the importation of Watch movements and casing the same with Gold and Silver, we are enabled to sell at the lowest New York prices.

**JEWELRY** we buy directly of manufacturers, thereby saving at least the New York Jobbers' profit.

We have a large manufactory where **SILVER-WARE** of all kinds is made equal to any this side of the Atlantic and of **SILVER EQUAL TO COIN.**

**SPECTACLES.**

The subscribers are the sole Agents for this and sixteen other counties in this State, for the sale of Burt's Periscope Spectacles, the best glass now made.

**CLOCKS** of all descriptions and warranted good time keepers.

**Plated & Britannia Ware** of all kinds.

**FANCY GOODS** of every description usually kept in Stores of this kind.

We wish it to be understood that we will not be undersold.

N. B. Watches and Jewelry repaired by skilful workmen.

**WILLARD & HAWLEY,**

Between the Syracuse House and Post Office.

**ELECTION NOTICE.**

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF ONONDAGA, }  
Sheriff's Office, July 14, 1849.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the general Election to be held in this State on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Freeborn G. Jewett. A Secretary of State, in the place of Christopher Morgan. A Comptroller, in the place of Washington Hunt. A State Treasurer in the place of Alvah Hunt. An Attorney General, in the place of Ambrose L. Jordan; a State Engineer and Surveyor in the place of Charles B. Stuart; a Canal Commissioner in the place of Nelson J. Beach; and an Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Isaac N. Comstock; all whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the 5th Judicial District, in the place of Charles Gray, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; also a Senator for the 22d Senate District, in the place of George Geddes, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers to be elected for said County.

Four Members of Assembly; two Justices for Sessions, a Sheriff in the place of Joshua C. Cuddeback; a County Clerk, in the place of Vivus W. Smith; and a Superintendent of the Poor in the place of James M. Munroe, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next; also four Coroners, in the places of the present incumbents, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. The electors throughout the State are also to vote for or against the adoption of the act entitled "an act Establishing Free Schools throughout the state," passed March 26, 1849. J. C. CUDDEBACK, Sheriff of Onondaga Co.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE. }  
Albany, July 14, 1849.

To the Sheriff of the County of Onondaga:—

SIR—Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected to wit:

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Freeborn G. Jewett. A Secretary of State, in the place of Christopher Morgan. A Comptroller in the place of Washington Hunt. A State Treasurer, in the place of Alvah Hunt. An Attorney General, in the place of Ambrose L. Jordan. A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Charles B. Stuart. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Nelson J. Beach; and an Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Isaac N. Comstock, all whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Fifth Judicial District, in the place of Charles Gray, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, a Senator for the Twenty-Second Senate District in the place of George Geddes, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers to be also elected for said County.

Four members of Assembly; two "Justices for Sessions," a Sheriff, in the place of Joshua C. Cuddeback; a County Clerk, in the place of Vivus W. Smith; and a Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of James M. Munroe, all whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, four Coroners, in the places of the present incumbents, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. The electors throughout the State are also to vote for or against the adoption of the act entitled "an act Establishing Free Schools throughout the State," passed March 26, 1849. Yours Respectfully,

CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Secretary of State.

**Music Store.**

**ALLEN & HOUGH,**  
DEALERS IN

**Music & Musical Instruments,**

Corner of Salina and Washington Street, opposite the Rail Road Depot.

Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments. Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices.

Syracuse, July 21, 1849.

**L. W. HALL,****BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER,**

No. 11, SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE,

Has constantly on hand, a general assortment of **School and Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus,** Which he sells, **WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,** on the best Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c.

\* \* \* The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine his Stock.

April 8, '49.



## THE NEW YORK SATURDAY EVENING MIRROR.

ISSUED FROM THE  
OFFICE OF THE EVENING MIRROR,  
**A SPLENDID WEEKLY PAPER,**  
WITH THE ABOVE TITLE, CONTAINING:  
All the NEWS OF THE WEEK up to the arrival of the last mail on the evening of publication. It is the design of the proprietor to make the SATURDAY EVENING MIRROR one of the  
**BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPERS IN THE COUNTRY,**  
DEVOTED TO

### Science, Literature and the Art,

And free from the scandal and immorality which, just at the present time, seem to form the great staple and interest of a large class of weekly papers.

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**Readers of Refined Taste,**  
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CLUBS will be supplied on the following terms:  
For six copies one year, - - - \$5 00  
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For fifteen copies, " " - - - 10 00  
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## WYNKOOP & BROTHER, Booksellers and Stationers,

No. 5, SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE,

Have constantly on hand a general assortment of  
**School and Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus,**

Which they sell, WHOLESALE & RETAIL, on the best of Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c.

\* \* \* The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine our Stock. March 24, '49.

## MASSACHUSETTS Quarterly Review.

This Review was commenced in December, 1847, and has been issued quarterly, under the direction of THEODORE PARKER, assisted by several other gentlemen.

The MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY is devoted to the interests of no particular Clique or Party, and its conductors will endeavor to present an open and fair field for the notice and discussion of matters pertaining to Philosophy, Literature, Politics, Religion and Humanity. The first volume contains papers on The Mexican War, The Life and Writings of Agassiz, The Legality of American Slavery, Education of the People, Swedenborg as a Theologian, John Quincy Adams, William Ellery Channing, &c., &c.

Each No. will contain about 125 pages, at the price of \$2.00 a year, in advance.

To new subscribers to the second volume, commencing in December, 1848, the first volume is offered at the low price of \$1.50, as long as the printed edition lasts.

COOLIDGE & WILEY, Publishers,  
12 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

## SYRACUSE BOOK BINDERY. A. G. McGLASHAN & CO.,

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends, patrons and the public generally, that they have removed their Book Bindery into the Malcolm Block. They have greatly enlarged and improved their establishment, and are now prepared to execute

#### BOOK BINDING

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N. B. Particular attention paid to the re-binding of private and public Libraries, Music, &c.

A. G. McGLASHAN,  
CHAS. A. FOCKE.

Syracuse, May 3, 1849.

## Syracuse Market, Sept. 5.

[Corrected weekly for the Literary Union.]

Wheat, bu. \$1.13 a 1.19	Wool lb. 20a28
Flour, bbl. 5.50 a 5.63	Hay ton 6.00 a 8.00
Indian Meal, cwt. 1.25	Fine Salt bbl. .75
Corn, bu. 50	Solar, 1.75
Oats, 30 a 31	Bag 20 lbs. 10
Barley, 50 " 28 "	14
Rye, 48	Salt bbls. 22
Potatoes, 63	Flour, 26
Onions, 50	Sheep Pelts 50a1.00
Beans, 75	Lamb Skins 40a75
Apples, 1.00	Hard Wood cord 4.00
Dried Apples, 75	Soft Do. 1.75a2.25
Butter, lb. 14	Beef on foot 4.00a4.50
Cheese, 6a7	Pork cwt. 5.00a5.50
Lard, 7a8	" bbl. 12.50a14.00
Chickens, 10	Hams, 7a0
Eggs, doz. 11	Shoulders, 5a6

## NURSERY

### At South Onondaga.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, from his Nursery, at south Onondaga, a few thousand grafted Fruit Trees, mostly Apple, embracing the best of Summer, Fall, and Winter varieties. Prices low. Terms cash, or approved credit to suit the purchaser.

W. W. NEWMAN.

## THE NEW GRAEFENBERG WATER-CURE REPORTER,

PUBLISHED BY R. HOLLAND,

Proprietor of the New Graefenberg Water-Cure Establishment, Utica, N. Y.

HENRY FOSTER, M. D., New Graefenberg, Editor.  
E. A. KITTREDGE, M. D., Boston, Corresponding Ed.

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The objects of the REPORTER are, 1. To record information respecting the Water Cure, marking such changes of the new system as may arise.

2. It will especially aim to unfold the principles of the Hydropathic system, describe its processes, and explain how Water can be applied as a remedial agent, according to scientific rules.

3. Cases of cure will be reported, with a description of systems, and also of the new method of treating them.

4. While the treatment will be made as comprehensible as possible for general and domestic use the dangers of water as a curative agent, in unskillful hands, will receive due attention.

5. The value of good health, with the true way to preserve it, will be made prominent.

The REPORTER will appear monthly, with good print and paper, making at the close of the year a volume of nearly 400 pages of valuable reading matter on the above subjects.

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PROF. AUGUSTUS MAASBERG, a Graduate of the University of Halle, is prepared to give instruction in the German and French languages, to Classes or Private Pupils.

For references or further particulars, enquire at L. W. Cogswell's, Fayette st.

#### Syracuse Nurseries.

THE Subscribers having entered into partnership in the Nursery business under the above entitled firm, have now ready for sale, a very extensive stock of the most valuable kinds of FRUIT TREES, embracing most of the standard varieties, (including those most highly approved and specially recommended by the late Pomological Conventions at New York and Buffalo,) which in vigor, thriftiness, and symmetry of growth, are not excelled by the productions of any other Nursery in the State. Having more than FORTY ACRES now chiefly devoted to the cultivation of Fruit Trees, they are prepared to sell at Wholesale, as largely, at prices as low, and on terms as reasonable, as any other Nursery establishment here or elsewhere. The superior quality of their Trees must continue to recommend them to amateurs, who desire to unite ornament with utility, and to orchardists whose chief aim is to obtain such only as are healthy and vigorous.

They have also a large supply of ORNAMENTAL TREES, and several thousands Seedling Horse Chestnuts at very moderate prices.

Orders will be promptly attended to, and trees packed safely for transportation to any distance.

Catalogues furnished, GRATIS, to all POST PAID applications, and they may also be obtained, and orders left, at the Store of M. W. Hanchet, between the Rail Road and Syracuse House.

ALANSON THORP.  
WM. B. SMITH.  
J. C. HANCHETT.

Syracuse, Feb. 4th, 1849

## PROSPECTUS OF

## THE LITERARY UNION.

The great idea which will pervade this Journal, is PROGRESS.

Beyond the ordinary, though indispensable intelligence of the day, the Public has wants which our newspapers do not supply. The pretty lispsings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in teens, on the one hand, and tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative miscalled "Cheap Literature," on the other, spiced with the bitter bigotry of all kinds of partisanship, are made to satisfy the keen appetite for knowledge created by our Free Institutions. But how will the boast that ours is a reading people recoil upon our own heads, if their reading be such as will corrupt the morals and enervate the mind?

To furnish the Public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, shall be our effort; to wean its taste from a false and demoralizing Literature, our high aim. We shall labor specially to elevate the rising generation; the "Young America," so soon to wield the destinies of the first nation on earth.

In thus advancing the great interests of a National Literature, we shall be aided by numbers of our best writers. The Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Teacher, will each find his vocation elevated by the aid of their special handmaid, Science. The Fine Arts will be prominently noticed. The learned Professions, with the great principles of Religion and Politics, will receive the attention they deserve. In each of these departments, practical men will devote time and labor to the enterprise.

We would fit our paper particularly for the Domestic Circle. Poetry of the first order—gems of History, Biography and Fiction—the cream of general news, with a rigid analysis of its correctness and tendencies—these, all seasoned with a sprinkling of Humor, we hope to make productive of equal pleasure and improvement.

To our country women, we would say, that we regard their sex as the great instructors of the race, and shall strive with all our energies to assist them in this work. While we would not have them emulate the madness of their *soi-distant* lords, in the battle field, or in the broils of the Senate House, we would encourage their aspirations to every attribute of intelligence and refinement.

Though bold, our enterprise cannot be presumptuous; for we trust not to any innate and unusual ability of our own, but to the potent influence of the spirit of Progress, whose servant we would be, and to the aid promised us by persons of eminent ability. And with this encouragement, we have resolved to launch our bark upon the sea of Journalism, and await such breezes as it may please Heaven and a liberal people to send us.

#### TERMS, &c.

THE LITERARY UNION will be issued every Saturday, commencing April 7th, in Royal Quarto form; each No. containing 16 pages. The mechanical execution will be unsurpassed.

TERMS.—\$2.00 a year, invariably in advance.—Publication Office at the News Room of W. L. Palmer, No. 2, Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

#### CLUBBING.

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Are invited to act as Agents, in getting up Clubs or procuring private subscriptions, retaining, on the latter, a commission of twenty-five per cent.

Address, POST PAID,

W. W. NEWMAN,  
PROPRIETOR.

Editors inserting our PROSPECTUS, or noticing prominently, will be entitled to an exchange.

Responsible AGENTS wanted.

WM. C. TRIMLETT, PRINTER.